

CYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR.

AMERICAN.

THE MAYPOLE OF MERRY MOUNT. 1625.

"THE MERRY SONG OF THE MAYPOLE" is undoubtedly the first piece of "hilarious verse" composed on the continent of North America. A scapegrace lawyer, Thomas Morton, of Clifford's Inn, London (Justice Shallow's abiding place), landed with other adventurers at Plymouth, in 1622. Three years afterwards, he joined Wollaston's party at Pasonage-set, which place was named after their leader, but afterwards they called it Ma-re Mount. They lived, according to the chronicler of Plymouth, "in great licentiousness of life, in all profaneness, and the said Morton became lord of misrule, and maintained, as it were, a school of Atheism; and after they had got some goods into their hands, and got much by trading with the Indians, they spent it as vainly in quaffing and drinking both wine and strong liquors in great excess, as some have reported ten pounds' worth in a morning, setting up a Maypole, drinking and dancing about

it, and frisking about it like so many fairies, or furies rather, yea, and worse practices, as if they had anew revived and celebrated the feast of the Roman goddess, Flora, or the beastly practices of the mad Bacchanalians."

Thomas Morton published a book in 1637, called "New English Canaan." Butler, in his "Hudibras," has made use of some of the stories narrated by Morton, whose account of the Maypole is as follows:—"Being resolved to have the new name (Ma-re or Merry Mount) confirmed for a memorial to after ages, the inhabitants did devise amongst themselves to have it performed in a solemn manner with revels and merriment, after the old English custom, prepared to set up a Maypole upon the festival day of Philip and Jacob; and therefore brewed a barrel of excellent beer, and provided a case of bottles to be spent, with other good cheer for all



comers of that day. And because they would have it in a complete form, they had prepared a song fitting to the time and present occasion. And upon May-day they brought the Maypole to the place appointed, with guns, drums, pistols, and other fitting instruments, for that purpose; and there erected it with the help of salvages, that came thither of purpose to see the manner of our revels. A goodly pine tree, of eighty feet long, was reared up, with a pair of buck horns nailed on, somewhat near unto the top of it. There was, likewise, a merry song made, which was sung with a chorus, every man bearing his part; which they performed in a dance, hand-in-hand about the Maypole, while one of the company sung, and filled out the good liquor, like Gammedes (Ganymede) and Jupiter."

The Song of the Maypole.

Drink and be merry, merry, merry boys,
Let all your delight be in Hymen's joys.
Io to Hymen, now the day is come,
About the merry Maypole take a roome.

Make green garlands, bring bottles out;
And fill sweet Nectar freely about.
Uncover thy head, and fear no harm,
For here's good liquor to keep it warm.
Then, drink and be merry, &c.

Nectar is a thing assigned,
By the Deities' own mind,
To cure the heart oppress with grief,
And of good liquors is the chief.
Then drink, &c.

Give to the melancholy man,
A cup or two oft now and then,
This physic will soon revive his blood,
And make him be of a merrier mood.
Then drink, &c.

Give to the nymph that's free from scorn,
No Irish stuff, nor Scotch over warm;
Lasses in beaver coats come away,
Ye shall be welcome to us night and day,
To drink and be merry, &c.

Morton remarks that "this harmless mirth, made by young men, was much distasted of the precise Separatists, who, from that time, sought occasion against my honest host of Ma-re Mount, to overthrow his undertakings, and to destroy his plantation quite and clear." Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has a sweet sketch on this subject, says, "Bright were the days at Merry Mount, when the Maypole was the banner-staff of that gay colony! They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills, and scatter flower-seeds throughout the soil. *Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire.*"



NEW ENGLAND'S ANNOYANCES.

ANONYMOUS. CIRCA 1630.

NEW ENGLAND'S annoyances, you that would know
them,
Pray ponder these verses which briefly doth show
them.
The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful and good:

Our mountains and hills and our valleys below,
Being commonly covered with ice and with snow;
And when the north-west wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose:
But if any's so hardy, and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

But when the Spring opens, we then take the hoe,
 And make the ground ready to plant and to sow;
 Our corn being planted and seed being sown,
 The worms destroy much before it is grown;
 And when it is growing some spoil there is made,
 By birds and by squirrels that pluck up the blade;
 And when it is come to full corn in the ear,
 It is often destroyed by raccoon and by deer.
 And now our garments begin to grow thin,
 And wool is much wanted to card and to spin;
 If we can get a garment to cover without,
 Our other in-garments are clout upon clout:
 Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
 They need to be clouted soon after they're worn;
 But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,
 Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

If fresh meat be wanting to fill up our dish,
 We have carrots and turnips as much as we wish;
 And is there a mind for a delicate dish,
 We repair to the clam-banks, and there we catch fish.

Instead of pottage and puddings, and custards and
 pies,
 Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;
 We have pumpkins at morning, and pumpkins at
 noon;
 If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.

If barley be wanting to make into malt,
 We must be contented, and think it no fault;
 For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips,
 Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips.
 * * * * *

Now while some are going, let others be coming;
 For while liquor's boiling, it must have a scumming,
 But I will not blame them, for birds of a feather,
 By seeking their fellows, are flocking together.
 But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring,
 Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting;
 But bring both a quiet and contented mind,
 And all needful blessings you surely will find.

FATHER ABBEY'S WILL.

BY JOHN SECCOMB. 1732.

MATHEW ABBEY was a bedmaker and sweeper at Harvard College, Cambridge, for many years. He is supposed to leave his childless wife (also a bedmaker) the whole of his estate, as follows:

To my dear wife,
 My joy and life,
 I freely now do give her,
 My whole estate,
 With all my plate,
 Being just about to leave her.

My tub of soap,
 A long cart-rope,
 A fryingpan and kettle,
 An ashes' pail,
 A thrashing-flail,
 An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,
 Nine warden pears,
 A large old dripping platter,
 This bed of hay,
 On which I lay,
 An old saucepan for batter.

A little mug,
 A tin quart jug,
 A bottle full of brandy,
 A looking-glass,
 To see your face,
 You'll find it very handy.

A musket true,
 As ever flew,
 A pound of shot and wallet,
 A leather sash,
 My calabash,
 My powder-horn and bullet.

An old sword-blade,
 A garden-spade,
 A hoe, a rake, a ladder,
 A wooden can,
 A close-stool pan,
 A clyster-pipe and bladder.

A greasy hat,
 My old ram cat,
 A yard and half of linen,
 A woollen fleece,
 A pot of grease,
 In order for your spinning.

A small tooth-comb,
 An ashen broom,
 A candlestick and hatchet,
 A coverlid,
 Strip'd down with red,
 A bag of rags to patch it.

A ragged mat,
 A tub of fat,
 A book put out by Bunyan,
 Another book,
 By Robin Cook,
 A skein or two of spunyarn.

An old black muff,
 Some garden-stuff,
 A quantity of borage,
 Some devil's weed,
 And burdock seed,
 To season well your porridge.

A chafing-dish,
 With one salt-fish,
 If I am not mistaken,
 A leg of pork,
 A broken fork,
 And half a fitch of bacon.

A spinning-wheel,
 One peck of meal,
 A knife without a handle,
 A rusty lamp,
 Two quarts of sump,
 And half a tallow-candle.

My pouch and pipes,
Two oxen tripes,
An oaken dish well carved,
My little dog,
And spotted hog,
With two young pigs just starved.

This is my store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it.
My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

Thus Father Abbey left his spouse,
As rich as church or college mouse,
Which is sufficient invitation,
To serve the college in his station.

DOCTOR BYLES'S CAT.

BY JOSEPH GREEN. 1733.

The Poet's Lamentation for the Loss of his Cat, which he used to call his Muse (Mæna.)

Fells quædam delictum erat cujusdam Adolescentis.—Æsop.

OPPRESS'D with grief, in heavy strains I mourn
The partner of my studies from me torn.
How shall I sing? What numbers shall I choose,
For in my fav'rite cat I've lost my muse.



No more I feel my mind with raptures fir'd,
I want those airs that Puss so oft inspir'd;

No crowding thoughts my ready fancy fill,
Nor words run fluent from my easy quill;
Yet shall my verse deplore her cruel fate,
And celebrate the virtues of my cat.

In acts obscene she never took delight;
No caterwauls disturb'd our sleep by night.
Chaste as a virgin, free from every stain,
And neighboring cats mew'd for her love in vain.

She never thirsted for the chicken's blood;
Her teeth she only used to chew her food;
Harmless as satires which her master writes,
A foe to scratching, and unused to bites,
She in the study was my constant mate;
There we together many evenings sate.
Whene'er I felt my tow'ring fancy fail,
I stroked her head, her ears, her back, and tail,
And as I stroked, improv'd my dying song,
From the sweet notes of her melodious tongue:
Her paws and mews so evenly kept time,
She purr'd in metre and she mew'd in rhyme.
But when my dulness has too stubborn prov'd,
Nor could by Puss's music be remov'd,
Oft to the well-known volumes have I gone,
And stole a line from Pope or Addison.

Oftimes, when lost amidst poetic heat,
She, leaping on my knee, has took her seat;
There saw the throes that rock'd my lab'ring brain,
And lick'd and claw'd me to myself again.

Then, friends, indulge my grief and let me mourn,
My cat is gone, ah! never to return!
Now in my study, all the tedious night,
Alone I sit, and unassisted write;
Look often round (O greatest cause of pain),
And view the num'rous labors of my brain;
Those quires of words array'd in pompous rhyme,
Which braved the jaws of all-devouring time,
Now undefended and unwatch'd by cats,
Are doom'd a victim to the teeth of rats.

THE JESTS OF MATHER BYLES,

A celebrated Boston Divine. Born, 1706. Died, 1783.

THE *ana* which have been preserved, show that Dr. Mather Byles's reputation as a wit was well deserved.

There was a slough opposite his house, in which, on a certain wet day, a chaise containing two of the town council stuck fast. Dr. Byles came to his door, and saluted the officials with the remark,

"Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance, without any attention being paid to it, and I am very glad to see you stirring in this matter now."

In the year 1780 a very dark day occurred, which was long remembered as "the dark day." A lady neighbor sent her son to the doctor to know if he

could tell her the cause of the obscurity. "My dear," was the answer to the messenger, "give my compliments to your mother, and tell her that I am as much in the dark as she is."

One day a ship arrived at Boston with three hundred street lamps. The same day, the doctor happened to receive a call from a lady whose conversational powers were not of the kind to render a long interview desirable. He availed himself of the newly-arrived cargo to despatch his visitor. "Have you heard the news?" said he, with emphasis. "Oh,

no! What news?" "Why three hundred *new lights* have come over in the ship this morning from London, and the selectmen have wisely ordered them to be put in irons immediately. The visitor forthwith decamped in search of the particulars of this invasion of religious liberty.

When brought before his judges, at the time of his trial, they requested him to sit down and warm himself. "Gentlemen," was the reply, "when I came among you, I expected persecution, but I could not think you would have offered me the fire so suddenly."

COLONEL PUTNAM'S INDIAN STORY.

Extract from John Adams' Diary.

Nov. 10, 1772.—Sunday. Heard Mr. Cutler, of Ipswich Hamlet; dined at Dr. Putnam's with Colonel Putnam and lady, and two young gentlemen, nephews of the Doctor and Colonel —, and a Mrs. Scollay.

Colonel Putnam told a story of an Indian upon Connecticut River, who called at a tavern, in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening, at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. "How is this, land-

lord?" says he; "last fall you asked but two coppers for a glass of rum, now you ask three." "Oh!" says the landlord, "it costs me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hog-head of rum over winter as a horse." "Ah!" says the Indian, "I can't see through that; he won't eat so much hay: *Maybe he drink as much water.*" This was *sheer wit, pure satire, and true humor*. Humor, wit, and satire, in one very short repartee.

THE ORIGINAL SONG OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

ANONYMOUS. CIRCA, 1775.

This version, copied from the "Historical Collections of N. Hampshire," varies in the last six verses from other editions.



The Yankee's Return from Camp.

FATHER and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Tooding,
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up;
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David,
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The lasses they eat every day,
Would keep a house a winter;
They have as much that I'll be bound
They eat it when they've a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it,
It scared me so, I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin-shell
As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touch'd it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.

I see a little, barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,

They knock'd upon't with little clubs,
And call'd the folks together.

There was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A giving orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They look'd so tarnal fina,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemima.

And then they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles;
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All wound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scar'd me almost half to death,
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses-cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.*

FRANCIS HOPKINSON. 1776.

GALLANTS attend, and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in a maze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dream'd of harm, as he lay warm,
In bed with Mrs. L—g.

Now in a fright he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And the other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

* This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at every thing they saw floating in the river, during the ebb tide.



"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,—
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from every quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

THE FROGS OF WINDHAM.

BY DOCTOR SAMUEL PETERS. 1781.

[This extract embodies one of the "many curious and interesting anecdotes" in the Doctor's General History of Connecticut, which work Dwight calls "a mass of folly and falsehood." But the story of the Windham Frogs has other chronicles—see the metrical version of this fearful legend which forms the next article.]

WINDHAM resembles Rumford, and stands on Willimantic River. Its meeting-house is elegant, and has a steeple, bell, and clock. Its court-house is scarcely to be looked upon as an ornament. The township forms four parishes, and is ten miles square. Strangers are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on summer evenings by the vast number of frogs in the brooks and ponds. There

are about thirty different voices among them; some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. The owls and whip-poor-wills complete the rough concert, which may be heard several miles. Persons accustomed to such serenaders are not disturbed by them at their proper stations; but one night, in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding

the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped, towards Willimantic River. They were under the necessity of taking the road and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull-frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road forty yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours, in passing through the town, unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened; some expected to find an army of French and Indians; others feared an earthquake, and dissolution of nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds with more shriekings than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolu-

tion enough to venture back to their wives and children; when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words, *Wight, Hilderken, Dier, Pete*. This last they thought meant treaty; and plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear; at length, however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical army was an army of thirsty frogs, going to the river for a little water. Such an incursion was never known before nor since; and yet the people of Windham have been ridiculed for their timidity on this occasion. I verily believe an army under the Duke of Marlborough would, under like circumstances, have acted no better than they did.



The Frogs of Windham;

AN OLD COLONY TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY ARION.

[These verses are from Macarthy's National Songs, and are credited to the Providence Gazette,—no date given.]

WHEN these free states were colonies
Unto the mother nation;
And, in Connecticut, the good
Old Blue Laws were in fashion,

A circumstance which there occur'd,
(And much the mind surprises
Upon reflection,) then gave rise
To many strange surmises.

You all have seen, as I presume,
Or had a chance to see,
Those strange amphibious quadrupeds,
Call'd bull-frogs commonly.

Well, in Connecticut, 'tis said,
By those who make pretensions
To truth, those creatures often grow
To marvellous dimensions.

One night in July, '58,
They left their home behind 'em,
Which was an oak and chestnut swamp,
About five miles from Windham.

The cause was this:—the summer's sun
Had dried their pond away there
So shallow, that to save their souls
The bull-frogs could not stay there.

So, in a regiment they hopp'd,
With many a curious antic,
Along the road which led unto
The river Willimantic.

Soon they in sight of Windham came;
All in high perspiration,
And held their course straight t'wards the same,
With loud vociferation.

You know such kind of creatures are
By nature quite voracious ;
Thus they, impell'd by hunger, were
Remarkably loquacious.

Up flew the windows, one and all,
And then with ears erected
From every casement, gaping rows
Of night-capp'd heads projected.

The children cried, the women scream'd,
" O Lord, have mercy on us !
The French have come to burn us out !
And now are close upon us."

A few, upon the first alarm,
Then arm'd themselves to go forth
Against the foe, with guns and belts,
Shot, powder-horns, and so forth.

Soon, all were running here and there,
In mighty consternation ;
Resolving of the town to make
A quick evacuation.

Away they went across the lots,
Hats, caps, and wigs were scatter'd ;
And heads were broke, and shoes were lost ;
Shins bruise'd, and noses batter'd.

Thus having gain'd a mile or two,
These men of steady habits,
All snug behind an old stone wall
Lay, like a nest of rabbits.

And in this state, for half an hour,
With jaws an inch asunder,
They thought upon their goods at home,
Exposed to lawless plunder.

They thought upon their hapless wives,
Their meeting-house and cattle ;
And then resolv'd to sally forth
And give the Frenchmen battle.

Among the property which they
Had brought with them to save it,
Were found two trumpets and a drum,
Just as good luck would have it.

Fifteen or twenty Jews-harps then
Were found in good condition,
And all the longest winded men
Were put in requisition.

Straightway, in long and loud alarm,
Said instruments were clang—ed,
And the good old one hundredth psalm
From nose and Jews-harp twang—ed.

Such as were arm'd, in order ranged,
The music in the centre—
Declar'd they would not run away,
But on the French would venture.

There might have been among them all,
Say twenty guns or over—
How many pitchforks, scythes, and flails,
I never could discover.

The rest agreed to close the rear,
After some intercession,
And altogether made a queer
And curious procession.

Some were persuaded that they saw
The band of French marauders ;
And not a few declar'd they heard
The officers give orders.

These words could be distinguish'd ther,
" Dyer," " Elderkin," and " Tete,"
And when they heard the last, they thought
The French desired a treaty.

So three good sober-minded men
Were chosen straight to carry
Terms to the French, as Ministers
Plenipotentiary.

Those, moving on, with conscious fear,
Did for a hearing call,
And begged a moment's leave to speak
With the French general.

The advancing foe an answer made,
But (it was quite provoking)
Not one of them could understand
The language it was spoke in.

So there they stood in piteous plight,
'Twas ludicrous to see ;
Until the bull-frogs came in sight,
Which sham'd them mightily.

Then all went home, right glad to save
Their property from pillage ;
And all agreed to shame the men
Who first alarm'd the village.

Some were well pleas'd, and some were mad,
Some turn'd it off in laughter ;
And some would never speak a word
About the thing thereafter.

Some vow'd, if Satan came at last,
They did not mean to flee him ;
But if a frog they ever pass'd,
Pretended not to see him.

* * * * *
God save the State of Rhode Island
And Providence plantations ;
May we have ever at command
" Good clothing, pay, and rations."

One good old rule, avoiding strife,
I've follow'd since my youth—
To always live an upright life,
And tell the downright truth.

THE LIBERTY POLE.

BY JOHN TRUMBULL.

From "M'Fingal," the humorous Epic of the Revolution. 1782.

Now warm with ministerial ire,
 Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'Squire,
 And on his striding steps attends
 His desperate clan of Tory friends.
 When sudden met his wrathful eye
 A pole ascending through the sky,
 Which numerous throngs of Whiggish race
 Were raising in the market-place.
 Not higher school-boys' kites aspire,
 Or royal masts or country spire;
 Like spears at Brobdignagian tilting,
 Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton,
 And on its top, the flag unfurl'd,
 Wav'd triumph o'er the gazing world,
 Inscrib'd with inconsistent types
 Of *Liberty* and *thirteen stripes*.
 Beneath, the crowd without delay
 The dedication rites essay,
 And gladly pay, in ancient fashion,
 The ceremonies of libation;
 While briskly to each patriot lip,
 Walks eager round the inspiring flip:
 Delicious draught! whose powers inherit
 The quintessence of public spirit;
 Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind
 To noble politics refin'd;
 Or rous'd to martial controversy,
 As from transforming cups of Circe;
 Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,
 That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor,
 At hand for new supplies in store,
 The tavern opes its friendly door,
 Whence to and fro the waiters run,
 Like bucket men at fires in town.
 Then with three shouts that tore the sky,
 'Tis consecrate to Liberty.
 To guard it from the attacks of Tories,
 A grand Committee call'd of four is;
 Who foremost on the patriot spot,
 Had brought the flip and paid the shot.
 By this M'FINGAL with his train
 Advanc'd upon th' adjacent plain,
 And full with loyalty possest,
 Pour'd forth the zeal, that fir'd his breast.
 "What mad-brain'd rebel gave commission,
 To raise this May-pole of sedition?
 Like Babel, rear'd by bawling throngs,
 With like confusion too of tongues.
 To point at heaven and summon down
 The thunders of the British crown?
 Say, will this paltry pole secure
 Your forfeit heads from Gage's power?
 Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
 Is this to stand your ark of safety?
 Or driven by Scottish laird and laddie,
 Think you to rest beneath its shadow?
 When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,
 And balls rush hissing through the sky,
 Will this vile pole, devote to freedom,
 Save, like the Jewish pole in Edom;
 Or like the brazen snake of Moses,
 Cure your crackt skulls and batter'd noses?
 "Ye dupes to every factious rogue
 And tavern-prating demagogue,

Whose tongue but rings with sound more full,
 On th' empty drum-head of his skull;
 Behold you not, what noisy fools
 Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?
 For Liberty in your own by-sense,
 Is but for crimes a patent license,
 To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,
 And throw the world in common stock;
 Reduce all grievances and ills
 To Magna Charta of your wills;
 Establish cheats and frauds and nonsense,
 Fram'd to the model of your conscience;
 Cry justice down, as out of fashion,
 And fix its scale of depreciation;
 Defy all creditors to trouble ye,
 And keep new years of Jewish jubilee;
 Drive judges out,* like Aaron's calves,
 By jurisdiction of white staves,
 And make the bar, and bench, and steeple
 Submit t'our Sovereign Lord, the People;
 By plunder rise to power and glory,
 And brand all property, as Tory;
 Expose all wares to lawful seizures
 By mobbers or monopolizers;
 Break heads and windows and the peace,
 For your own interest and increase;
 Dispute and pray, and fight and groan
 For public good, and mean your own;
 Prevent the law by fierce attacks
 From quitting scores upon your backs;
 Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,
 And seize the stocks, your ancient foe,
 And turn them to convenient engines
 To wreak your patriotic vengeance;
 While all, your rights who understand,
 Confess them in their owner's hand;
 And when by clamors and confusions,
 Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,
 Cry "Liberty," with powerful yearning,
 As he does "Fire!" whose house is burning;
 Though he already has much more
 Than he can find occasion for.
 While every clown that tills the plains,
 Though bankrupt in estate and brains,
 By this new light transform'd to traitor,
 Forsakes his plough to turn dictator,
 Starts as haranguing chief of Whigs,
 And drags you by the ears, like pigs.
 All bluster, arm'd with factious license,
 New-born at once to politicians,
 Each leather-apron'd dunce, grown wise,
 Presents his forward face t' advise,
 And tatter'd legislators meet,
 From every workshop through the street.
 His goose the tailor finds new use in,
 To patch and turn the Constitution;
 The blacksmith comes with sledge and grate
 To iron bind the wheels of state;

* On the commencement of the war, the courts of justice were every where shut up. In some instances, the judges were forced to retire, by the people, who assembled in multitudes, armed with white staves.

The quack forbears his patient's souse,
To purge the Council and the House;
The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,
To cast assemblymen and proxies.
From dunghills deep of blackest hue,
Your dirt-bred patriots spring to view,
To wealth and power and honors rise,
Like new-wing'd maggots chang'd to flies,
And fluttering round in high parade,
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.

* * * * *
Rise, then, my friends, in terror rise,
And sweep this scandal from the skies.
You'll see their Dagon, though well-jointed,
Will shrink before the Lord's anointed;
And like old Jericho's proud wall,
Before our ramshorns prostrate fall."

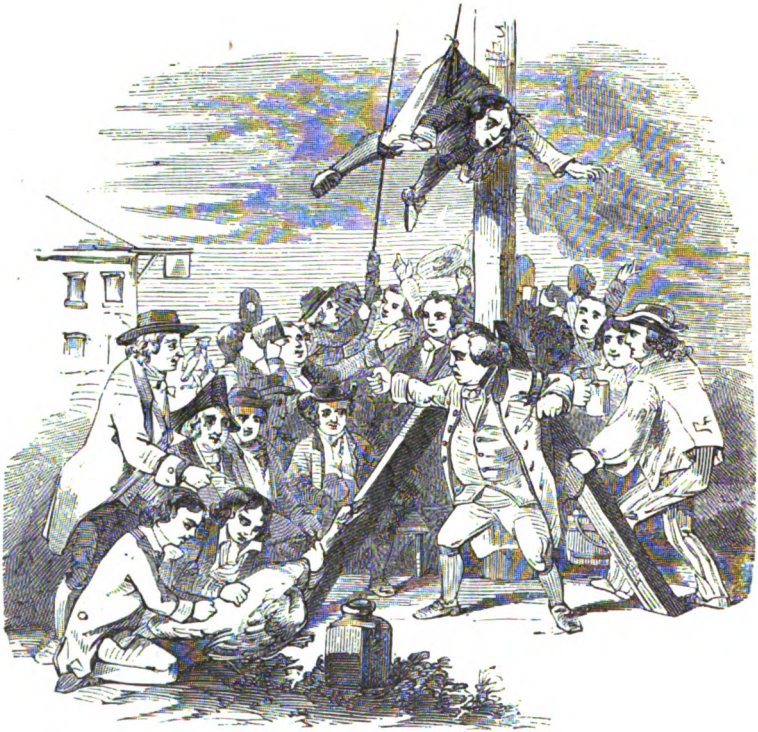
This said, our 'Squire, yet undismay'd,
Call'd forth the constable to aid,
And bade him read, in nearer station,
The Riot-Act and Proclamation.
He swift, advancing to the ring,
Began, "Our Sovereign Lord the King"—
When thousand clam'rous tongues he hears,
And clubs and stones assail his ears.
To fly was vain; to fight was idle;
By foes encompass'd in the middle,
His hope, in stratagems, he found,
And fell right craftily to ground;
Then crept to seek a hiding-place,
Twas all he could, beneath a brace;
When soon the conqu'ring crew espied him,
And where he lurk'd they caught and tied him.

At once with resolution fatal,
Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to battle.
Instead of weapons, either band
Seiz'd on such arms as came to hand.
And fam'd as Ovid paints th' adventures
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,
Who, at their feast, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head;
And these arms failing in their scuffles,
Attack'd with andirons, tongs and shovels:
So clubs and billets, staves, and stones,
Met fierce, encountering every scone,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains;
Their clamours rend the skies around,
The hills rebellow to the sound;
And many a groan increas'd the din
From batter'd nose and broken shin.
M'FINGAL, rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia-sword;
Thrice cried "King George," as erst in distress
Knights of romance invoked a mistress;
And brandishing the blade in air,
Struck terror through th' opposing war.
The Whigs, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, shrunk behind,
With whirling steel around address'd,
Fierce through their thickest throng he press'd,
(Who roll'd on either side in arch,
Like Red Sea waves in Israel's march),
And like a meteor rushing through,
Struck on their pole a vengeful blow.
Around the Whigs, of clubs and stones
Discharged whole volleys, in platoons,
That o'er in whistling fury fly;
But not a foe dares venture nigh.
And now perhaps with glory crown'd,
Our 'Squire has fell'd the pole to ground,

Had not some pow'r, a Whig at heart,
Descended down and took their part;
(Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars, or Iris,
'Tis scarce worth while to make inquiries),
Who at the nick of time alarming,
Assum'd the solemn form of Chairman,
Address'd a Whig, in every scene
The stoutest wrestler on the green,
And pointed where the spade was found,
Late used to set their pole in ground.
And urg'd with equal arms and might
To dare our 'Squire to single fight.
The Whig, thus arm'd, untaught to yield,
Advanc'd tremendous to the field:
Nor did M'FINGAL shun the foe,
But stood to brave the desp'rate blow;
While all the party gaz'd suspended
To see the deadly combat ended;
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
The sword against the brandish'd spade,
He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream,
The sword flew up and kicked the beam.
Our 'Squire, on tip-toe rising fair,
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines,
Descended on his foe in vengeance.
But ah! in danger, with dishonour,
The sword perfidious fails its owner;
That sword, which oft had stood its ground,
By huge trainband's encircled round;
And on the bench, with blade right loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial,
Of stones and clubs had brav'd th' alarms,
Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.
The spade so temper'd from the sledge,
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,
Now met it, from his arm of might,
Descending with steep force to smite;
The blade snap'd short, and from his hand,
With rust embrown'd the glittering sand.
Swift turn'd M'FINGAL at the view,
And call'd to aid the attendant crew,
In vain; the Tories all had run,
When scarce the fight had well begun;
Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd
Far in th' horizon t'wards the west.
Amaz'd he view'd the shameful sight,
And saw no refuge but in flight:
But age unwieldy check'd his pace,
Though fear had wing'd his flying race;
For not a trifling prize at stake,
No less than great M'FINGAL's back.
With legs and arms he work'd his course,
Like rider that outgoes his horse,
And labor'd hard to get away, as
Old Satan struggling on through chaos;
Till, looking back, he spied in rear
The spade-arm'd chief advanc'd too near;
Then stop'd and seiz'd a stone that lay
An ancient landmark near the way;
Nor shall we, as old bards have done,
Affirm it weigh'd a hundred ton;
But such a stone, as at a shift
A madman might suffice to lift,
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,
And giants exil'd with their cronies
To Brobdignags and Patagonias.
But while our hero turn'd him round,
And tugg'd to raise it from the ground,
The fatal spade discharg'd a blow
Tremendous on his rear below;

His bent knees fail'd, and void of strength
 Stretch'd on the ground his manly length.
 Like ancient oak o'erturn'd, he lay,
 Or tower to tempests fall'n a prey,
 Or mountain sunk with all his pines,
 Or flow'r the plough to dust consigns,
 And more things else—but all men know 'em,
 If slightly vers'd in epic poem.
 At once the crew, at this dread crisis,
 Fall on, and bind him, ere he rises;
 And with loud shouts and joyful soul,
 Conduct him prisoner to the pole,
 Where, now the mob, in lucky hour,
 Had got their en'mies in their power
 They first proceed, by grave command,
 To take the constable in hand.
 Then from the pole's sublimest top
 The active crew let down a rope,

And looking forth in prospect wide,
 His Tory errors clearly spied,
 And from his elevated station,
 With bawling voice began addressing:
 "Good gentlemen and friends and kin,
 For heaven's sake hear, if not for mine!
 I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,
 The King, the Devil, and all their works;
 And will, set me but once at ease,
 Turn Whig or Christian, what you please;
 And always mind your rules so justly,
 Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
 I'll never join the British rage,
 Nor help Lord North, nor Gen'ral Gage;
 Nor lift my gun in future fights,
 Nor take away your charter rights;
 Nor overcome your new-rai'd levies,
 Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies;



At once its other end in haste bind,
 And make it fast upon his waistband;
 Till, like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
 He hung self-balanc'd on his centre.*
 Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
 They swung him like a keg of ale,
 Till to the pinnacle in height,
 He vaulted, like balloon or kite,
 As Socrates of old at first did,
 To aid philosophy, get hoisted,
 And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,
 Swung in a basket in mid air:
 Our culprit thus, in purer sky,
 With like advantage rais'd his eye,

Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
 Though rais'd more thick than hatchel teeth:
 But leave King George and all his elves
 To do their conquering work themselves."

This said, they lower'd him down in state,
 Spread at all points, like falling cat;
 But took a vote first on the question,
 That they'd accept his full confession,
 And to their fellowship and favour,
 Restore him on his good behaviour.
 Not so our 'Squire submits to rule,
 But stood, heroic as a mule.

"You'll find it all in vain," quoth he,
 "To play your rebel tricks on me,
 All punishments the world can render,
 Serve only to provoke th' offender;

* And earth self-balanced on her centre hung."—*Millon*.

The will gains strength from treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice, in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears,
And can you think my faith will alter,
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?
I'll stand the worst; for recompense
I trust King George and Providence.
And when with conquest gain'd I come,
Array'd in law and terror home,
You'll rue this inauspicious morn,
And curse the day when ye were born,
In Job's high style of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his patience."

Meanwhile, beside the pole, the guard
A Bench of Justice had prepared; *
Where, sitting round in awful sort,
The grand committee held their court;
While all the crew, in silent awe,
Wait from their lips the lore of law.
Few moments, with deliberation,
They hold the solemn consultation;
When soon in judgment all agree,
And Clerk proclaims the dread decree:

"That 'Squire M'FINGAL having grown,
The vilest Tory in the town,
And now in full examination,
Convicted by his own confession,
Finding no token of repentance,
This Court proceeds to render sentence:
That first the mob a slip-knot, single,
Tie round the neck of said M'FINGAL,
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs;
Then round the town attendant ride him,
In cart, with Constable beside him,
And having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole, from whence he came."

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck
With halter'd noose M'FINGAL'S neck,
While he in peril of his soul
Stood tied half hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoking tar.
With less profusion once was spread
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (so Claudian sings) the Gods
And earth-born Giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And while he held them o'er his head,
The river, from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in his hide:
So from the high-rai'd urn the torrents
Spread down his side their various currents;
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage stern and grave
Rol'd and adhered the viscid wave;

With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From nose and chin's remotest end,
The tarry icicles descend;
Till all o'erspread, with colours gay,
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carved in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd,
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
And clouds him o'er with feathers missive,
And down, upon the tar, adhesive:
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumage round his visage wears;
Nor Milton's six-winged angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Now all complete appears our 'Squire,
Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire;
Nor more could boast, on Plato's plan,
To rank among the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.

Then on the fatal cart, in state,
They raised our grand duumvirate.
And as at Rome a like committee,
Who found an owl within their city,
With solemn rites and grave processions,
At every shrine perform'd lustrations;
And lest infection might take place,
From such grim fowl with feather'd face,
All Rome attends him through the street,
In triumph to his country-seat;
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our awful 'Squire;
In front the martial music comes,
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage-bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels.
Behind the crowd, in lengthen'd row,
With proud procession, clos'd the show,
And at fit periods every throat
Combin'd in universal shout;
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd "Confusion to the Tories!"
Not louder storm the welkin braves
From clamours of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On passing votes to reg'late trade.*

Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the poll they set them down;
And to the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the festal day.

And now the mob, dispers'd and gone,
Left 'Squire and Constable alone.
The Constable with rueful face
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace;
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,
Stuck 'Squire M'FINGAL 'gainst the pole,
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,
Like barnacle on vessel's side;
But though his body lack'd physician,
His spirit was in worse condition.
He found his fears of whips and ropes
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.

* As imitation of legal forms was universally practised by the mobs in New England, in the trial and condemnation of Tories. This marks a curious trait of national character.

* Such votes were frequently passed at town-meetings, with the view to prevent the augmentation of prices, and stop the depreciation of the paper-money.

As men in jail without mainprize
View every thing with other eyes,
And all goes wrong in church and state,
Seen through perspective of the grate:
So now M'FINGAL's second-sight
Beheld all things in gloomiest light;
His visual nerves, well purg'd with tar,
Saw all the coming scenes of war.
As his prophetic soul grew stronger,
He found he could hold in no longer,
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke,
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd.
"Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain
We strive 'gainst wind and tide, and rain!
Behold my doom! this feathery omen
Portends what dismal times are coming.
Now future scenes, before my eyes,
And second-sighted forms arise.

I hear a voice that calls away,
And cries, 'The Whigs will win the day!'
My beck'ning Genius gives command,
And bids me fly the fatal land;
Where changing name and constitution,
Rebellion turns to Revolution,
Where Loyalty, oppress'd in tears,
Stands trembling for its neck and ears,
"Go, summon all our brethren, greeting,
To muster at our usual meeting;
There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em
Of all things future that concern 'em,
And scenes disclose on which, my friend,
Their conduct and their lives depend.
There I—but first 'tis of more use,
From this vile pole to set me loose;
Then go with cautious steps and steady,
While I steer home and make all ready."

PAPER; A POEM.

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. 1794.

SOME wit of old,—such wits of old there were,—
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Call'd clear blank paper every infant mind;
Then still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I (can you pardon my presumption), I—
No wit, no genius—yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance and use.
Men are as various; and if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop,—half powder and half lace,—
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place;
He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in th' *escritoire*.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy paper* of inferior worth:
Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper*, such as pedlars choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune in a round of joys.

Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout.
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught;
He foams with censure; with applause he raves,—
A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure,—
What's he? What? *Touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet;
She's fair *white paper*, an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are
his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone;
True genuine *royal paper* is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

INDIAN DEVILS.

A clergyman in Massachusetts, more than a century ago, addressed a letter to the General Court on some subject of interest which was then under discussion. The clerk read the letter, in which there seemed to be this very remarkable sentence: "I address you not as magistrates, but as *Indian devils*." The clerk hesitated, and looked carefully, and said,

"Yes, he addresses you as *Indian devils*." The wrath of the honourable body was aroused; they passed a vote of censure, and wrote to the reverend gentleman for an explanation, from which it appeared that he did not address them as magistrates, but as individuals.

THE FORESTERS.

AN AMERICAN TALE. BY DR. JEREMY BELKNAP. 1792.

[Bryant assigns to this writer the high merit of being the first to make American history attractive. The following chapters form the commencement of the work, and present a fair specimen of the Doctor's humor.]

DEAR SIR,

To perform the promise which I made to you before I began my journey, I will give you such an account of this, once forest, but now cultivated and pleasant country, as I can collect from my conversation with its inhabitants, and from the perusal of their old family papers, which they have kindly permitted me to look into for my entertainment. By these means I have acquainted myself with the story of their first planting, consequent improvements, and present state; the recital of which will occupy the hours which I shall be able to spare from business, company, and sleep, during my residence among them.

In reading the character of *John Bull*, which was committed to paper some years ago by one who knew him well, you must have observed, that though "he was in the main an honest, plain-dealing fellow, yet he was choleric and inconstant, and very apt to quarrel with his best friends." This observation you will find fully verified in the course of the narrative;

as far as I can find, the best pretence that John had to call the land his; for he had no legal title to it. It was then a very woody country, in some parts rocky and hilly, in other parts level; well watered with brooks and ponds, and the whole of it bordered on a large lake, in which were plenty of fish, some of which were often served up at John's table, on fast days.

The stories told by one and another of these adventurers, had made a deep impression on the mind of *Walter Pipeweed*,* one of John's domestics, a fellow of a roving and projecting disposition, and who had learned the art of surveying. Walter having frequently listened to their chat, began to think within himself, "If these fellows make so many pence by their excursions to this wild spot, what might not I gain by sitting down upon it? There is plenty of game and fish at hand, for a present supply; plenty of nuts and acorns to fatten pigs, and with some small labour I may be able to raise corn and feed poultry, which will fetch me a



and as the opinions and manners of superiors have a very great influence in forming the character of inferiors, you need not be surprised if you find a family likeness prevailing among the persons whose history I am about to recite, most of whom were formerly residents in Mr. Bull's house, or apprentices in his shop.

There was among the appendages to John's estate, a pretty large tract of land, which had been neglected by his ancestors, and which he never cared much about, excepting that now and then some of his family went thither a hunting, and brought home venison and furs. Indeed this was,

good price at market. I can carry biscuit enough in my pockets to keep me alive till my first crop comes in, and my dog can live upon the offals of the game that I shall kill. Besides, who knows what treasures the land itself may contain—perhaps some *rich mines*!—then I am made for this world—I shall be as rich as *Lord Strut*! †

Full of this dream, Walter applied to his master one day, for a lease of part of the forest, as it was called. Bull at first laughed at the proposal, and put him off; but Walter followed it up so close, and

* Virginia.

† Spain.

told what advantages might be gained by settling there, and promised, if he should succeed, to turn all his trade into his master's hand, and give him the refusal of whatever he might bring to market, and withal shewed him some drafts, which he had made with chalk, from the reports of the huntsmen, that Bull began to think of the matter in good earnest, and consulted his lawyer upon the subject, who, after due consideration of the premises, and stroking his band, advised him as follows—"Why yes, Mr. Bull, I don't see why you ought not to look about you as well as your neighbors. You know that old *Lord Peter** lays claim to the whole country, and has assumed to parcel it out among his devotees. He has given all the western part of it, where this forest lies, to *Lord Strut*, and he has a large manor adjoining to your forest, which, they say, yields him a fine rent, and who knows but this may bring you in as much or more? Then there is *Lewis*,† the cudgel player, and *Nicholas Frog*,‡ the draper, who have perhaps (I say *perhaps*, Mr. Bull, because there may be a little doubt on both sides, and in that case, you know, sir, it would not become gentlemen of our cloth to speak positively), as good a claim as your Honor to this land; but then it is a maxim, you know, that possession is eleven points of the law, and if you once get your foot upon it, they cannot oust you without a process; and your Honor knows that your purse is as long as theirs, and you are as able to stand a suit with them as they are with you. I therefore advise you to humor your man Walter, and give him a lease, and a pretty large one—you may find more advantages in it than you are aware of—bust lease it, lease it at any rate." Upon this he was ordered to make out a lease; and Walter being thus invested with as good authority as could be obtained, filled his pockets with bread and cheese, took his gun, powder-flask, and shot of various kinds, with a parcel of fishing lines and hooks, his surveying instruments, and a bag of corn on his shoulders, and off he trotted to his new paradise.

It was some time before he could fix upon a spot to his liking, and he at first met with some opposition from the bears and wolves, and was greatly exposed to the weather, before he could build him a hut; once or twice the savage animals had almost devoured him, but being made of good stuff, he stood his ground, cleared a little spot, put his seed into the earth, and lived as well as such adventurers can expect, poorly enough at first, but supported, as all new planters are, by the hope of better times. After a while he began to thrive, and his master, Bull, recommended a *wife*,§ whom he married, and by whom he had a number of children. Having found a new sort of grain in the forest, and a certain plant of a narcotic quality, he cultivated both, and having procured a number of *black cattle*,|| he went on pretty gaily in the planting way, and brought his narcotic weed into great repute, by sending a present of a quantity of it to his old master, who grew excessively fond of it, and kept calling for more, till he got the whole trade of it into his own hands, and sold it out of his own warehouse to *Lewis*, *Frog*, and all the other tradesmen around him. In return, he supplied Walter with cloths and stuffs for his family, and utensils for his husbandry; and as a reward for being the first, who

had courage to make a settlement in his forest, he dignified his plantation with the name of the *ancient dominion*. Beside this mark of respect, and in token of his high esteem of him as a customer, as well as for certain other reasons, he made it a practice, every year, to present him with a waggon-load of *Ordure*,* the sweepings of his back-yard, the scrapings of his dog-kennel, and contents of his own water-closet. This was a mark of politeness which John valued himself much upon. "It may seem odd," said he one day to a friend, "that I make such a kind of compliment as this to my good customer; but if you consider it aright, you will find it a piece of refined policy; for by this means I get rid of a deal of trash and rubbish that is necessarily made in such a family as mine; I get a cursed stink removed from under my nose, and my good friend has the advantage of it upon his farm, to manure his grounds, and make them produce more plentifully that precious weed in which we all so much delight." Walter was often seen, on the arrival of Bull's waggon, to clap his handkerchief to his nose; but as he knew his old master was an odd sort of a fellow, and it was his interest to keep in with him, he generally turned off the compliment with a laugh, saying, good-naturedly enough, "Let him laugh that wins," without explaining his meaning, though it might admit of a *double entendre*; then calling some of his servants, he ordered them to shovel out the dung, and make his black cattle mix theirs with it. When spread over the land, the air took out most of the scent, and the salts were of some advantage to the soil.

After Walter Pipeweed had got his affairs into tolerable order, he was visited in his retirement by *Cecilus Peterson*,† another of Bull's apprentices, who had taken a fancy to the same kind of life, from a disgust of some things that had happened in the family. He had not been long with Walter before he found it would not do for him to remain there. Peterson was supposed to be a natural son of old *Lord Peter*, after whom he was nick-named. He had the same affected airs, and a tincture of the high-flying notions of his reputed father. These made him rather disgusting to Walter, who had learned his manners of Mr. Bull's mother, when she was in her sober senses, and between her and *Lord Peter* there had been a long variance. When Peterson perceived that his company was not desired, he had so much good sense as to leave Walter's plantation, and, paddling across a creek, seated himself on a point of land that ran out into the lake. Of this he obtained a lease of his old master, and went to work in the same manner as Walter had done, who, liking his company best at a distance, was willing to supply him with bread and meat till he could scramble for himself. Here he took to husbandry, raising corn and the narcotic weed, and buying up *black cattle*, and after a while turned his produce into his old master's warehouse, and received from him the annual compliment of a waggon-load of dung, excepting that when there had not been so much as usual made, he and Walter were to share a load between them.

To ingratiate himself still farther with his old master, he accepted of a girl out of his family for a

* The Pope.

† France.

‡ Holland.

§ The charter of Virginia.

|| Negro slaves.

* Convicts.

† Lord Baltimore, who first settled Maryland, was a Papist; his successors abjured Popery, and conformed to the Church of England.

wife (for John was always fond of his tenants marrying for fear of their doing worse), he took as little notice as possible of his reputed father, and dropping or disowning his nickname of Peterson, he assumed that of *Marygold*,* which old Madam Bull understood as a compliment to one of her daughters. He also made his court to the old lady by kneeling down and kissing the golden fringe of her embroidered petticoat, as was the fashion of that day. This ceremony, though a trifle in itself, helped much to recommend him to Mr. Bull, who was a very dutiful son, and took his mother's advice in most parts of his business. In short, Cecilus was too much of a politician to suppose that filial affection ought to stand in the way of a man's interest, and in this he judged as many other men would have done in the same circumstances.

About the time in which these first attempts were making, and the fame of them had raised much jealousy among some, and much expectation among others, there happened a sad quarrel in *John Bull's* family. His mother, poor woman, had been seized with hysteric fits, which caused her at times to be delirious and full of all sorts of whims. She had taken it into her head that every one of the family must hold knife and fork and spoon exactly alike; that they must all wash their hands and face precisely in the same manner; that they must sit, stand, walk, kneel, bow, spit, blow their noses, and perform every other animal function by the exact rule of *uniformity*, which she had drawn up with her own hand, and from which they were not allowed to vary one hair's breadth. If any one of the family complained of a lame ankle or stiff knee, or had the crick in his neck, or happened to cut his finger, or was any other way so disabled as not to perform his duty to a tittle, she was so far from making the least allowance, that she would frown, and scold, and rave like a bedlamite; and John was such an obedient son to his mother, that he would lend her his hand to box their ears, or his foot to kick their backsides, for not complying with her humors. This way of proceeding raised an uproar in the family; for though most of them complied, either through affection for the old lady, or through fear, or some other motive, yet others looked sour and grumbled; some would openly find fault and attempt to remonstrate, but they were answered with a kick or a thump, or a cat-o-nine-tails, or shut up in a dark garret till they promised a compliance. Such was the logic of the family in those days!

Among the number of the disaffected, was *Peregrine Pickle*,† a pretty clever sort of a fellow about his business, but a great lover of sourcroust, and of a humor that would not bear contradiction. However, as he knew it would be fruitless to enter into a downright quarrel, and yet could not live there in peace; he had so much prudence as to quit the bouse, which he did by getting out of the window in the night. Not liking to be out of employment, he went to the house of *Nicholas Frog*,‡ his master's old friend and rival, told him the story of his sufferings, and got leave to employ himself in one of his workshops till the storm should be over. After he had been here a while, he thought Nick's family were as much too loose in their manners as Bull's were too strict; and having heard a rumor of the Forest, to which Nick had some kind of claim, he packed up his little all, and hired one of

Nick's servants, who had been there a hunting, to pilot him to that part of the Forest to which Nick laid claim. But Frog had laid an anchor to windward of him; for as Pickle had said nothing to him about a lease, he supposed that when Peregrine had got into the Forest, he would take a lease of his old master, Bull, which would strengthen his title, and weaken his own; he therefore bribed the pilot to show Peregrine to a barren part of the Forest, instead of that fertile place* to which he had already sent his surveyors, and of which he was contriving to get possession. Accordingly, the Pilot having conducted Pickle to a sandy point which runs into the lake,† it being the dusk of the evening,‡ bade him good night, and walked off. Peregrine, who was fatigued with his march, laid down and went to sleep, but waking in the morning, saw himself alone in a very dreary situation, where he could get nothing to live upon but clams, and a few acorns which the squirrels had left. In this piteous plight, the poor fellow folded his arms, and walking along the sandy beach, fell into such a soliloquy as this: "So much for travelling! Abused by Bull, cheated by Frog, what am I at last come to? Here I am alone, no creature but bears, and wolves, and such vermin around me! Nothing in the shape of a human being that I know of, nearer than Pipeweed's plantation, and with him I cannot agree; he is so devoted to old Dame Bull, that he and I cannot live together any more than I could with the old woman. But why should I despair? That is unmanly; there is at least a *possibility* of my living here, and if I am disappointed in my worldly prospects, it is but right, for I professed not to have any. My wish was to have my own way without disturbance or contradiction, and surely I can here enjoy my liberty. I have nobody here to curse me, or kick me, or cheat me. If I have only clams to eat, I can cook them my own way, and say as long a grace over them as I please. I can sit, or stand, or kneel, or use any other posture at my devotions, without any cross old woman to growl at me, or any hectoring bully to cuff me for it. So that if I have lost in one way I have gained in another. I had better, therefore, reconcile myself to my situation, and make the best of a bad market. But company is good! Apropos! I will write to some of my fellow-apprentices; I know they were as discontented as myself in old Bull's family, though they did not care to speak their minds as plainly as I did. I'll tell them how much happiness I enjoy here in my solitude. I'll point out to them the charms of liberty, and coax them to follow me into the wilderness; and by and by, when we get all together, we shall make a brave hand of it." * Full of this resolution, he sat down on a wind-fallen tree, and pulling out his inkhorn and paper, wrote a letter to *John Codline*, *Humphrey Ploughshare*, and *Roger Carrier*, three of his fellow-apprentices, informing them of the extreme happiness he enjoyed in having liberty to eat his scanty meals in his own way, and to lay his swelled ankles and stiff knee in whatever posture was most easy to him; conjuring them, by their former friendship, to come to join him in carrying on the good work so happily begun, etc. etc. As soon as he had finished the letter (which had deeply engaged his attention), a huntsman happened to come along in quest of game.

* Maryland. † Puritan. ‡ Holland.

* Hudson River.

† Cape Cod.

‡ The month of December.

This was a lucky circumstance indeed, for Peregrine had not once thought of a conveyance for his letter; it proved also favorable to him in another view, for the huntsman taking pity on his forlorn situation, spared him some powder and shot, and a few biscuit which he happened to have in his pocket; so, taking charge of the letter, he delivered it as it was directed.

This letter arrived in good season, for old Madam had grown much worse since Pickle had left the family; her vapors had increased, and her longings and aversions were much stronger. She had a strange lurch for embroidered petticoats and high waving plumes; her Christmas pies must have double the quantity of spice that was usual; the servants must make three bows where they formerly made but one, and they must never come into her presence without having curled and powdered their hair in the pink of the mode, for she had an aversion to every thing plain, and a strong relish for every thing gaudy. Besides, she had an high-mettled chaplain* who was constantly at her elbow, and said prayers night and morning in a brocaded cope with a gilded mitre on his head; and he exacted so many bows and scrapes of every one in the family, that it would have puzzled a French dancing-master to have kept pace with him. Nor would he perform the service at all, unless a verger stood by him all the while with a yard-wand in his hand; and if any servant or apprentice missed one bow or scrape, or made it at the wrong time, or dared to look off his book, or said Amen in the wrong place, rap went the stick over his head and ears and knuckles. It was in vain to appeal from the chaplain or the old dame to their master, for he was so obedient a son that he suffered them to govern him as they pleased; nay, though broad hints were

As soon as the letter of Peregrine Pickle arrived, the apprentices, to whom it was directed, held a consultation what they should do. They were heartily tired of the conduct of the chaplain; they lamented the old lady's ill health, and wished for a cure; but there was at present no hope of it, and they concluded that it was best to follow Pickle's advice, and retire with him into the Forest. Though they were infected with the spirit of adventure, yet they were a set of wary fellows, and knew they could not with safety venture thither unless they had a lease of the land. Happily, however, for them, Bull had a little while before that put the affairs of the Forest into the hands of a gentleman of the law,* with orders to see that the matter was properly managed, so as to yield him some certain profit. To this sage they applied, and for the proper fees, which they clubbed for between them, they obtained a lease, under hand and seal; wherein, for "sundry causes him thereunto moving, the said Bull did grant and convey unto John Codline and his associates, so many acres of his Forest, bounded so and so, and which they were to have, hold, and enjoy for ever and ever, yielding and paying so and so, and so forth." When this grand point was gained by the assistance of the lawyer and his clerks, who knew how to manage business, the adventurers sold all their superfluities to the pawnbrokers, and got together what things they supposed they should want, and leaving behind them a note on the comptroller,† to tell their master where they were bound, and what were their designs; they set off all together and got safe into a part of the Forest adjoining to Pickle, who, hearing of their arrival, took his oaken staff in his hand, and hobbled along as fast as his lame legs could carry him to see them, and a joyful meeting indeed they had.



given that the chaplain was an emissary of Lord Peter, and was taking advantage of the old lady's hysterics to bring the whole family into his interest, John gave no heed to any of these insinuations.

Having laid their heads together, it was agreed that Codline should send for a girl whom he had

* The Council of Plymouth in Devonshire.

† Letter written on board the Arabella, after the embarkation of the Massachusetts settlers.

* Archbishop Laud.

courted,* and marry her and that he should be considered as the lord of the manor, that Pickle should have a lease of that part which he had pitched upon, and that Ploughshare and Carrier should for the present be considered as members of Codline's family. John had taken a great fancy to fishing, and thought he could wholly or chiefly subsist by it; but Humphrey had a mind for a farm; so after a while they parted in friendship. Humphrey, with a pack on his back and a spade in his hand, travelled across the Forest till he found a wide meadow, with a large brook † running through it, which he supposed to be within John's grant, and intended still to consider himself as a distant member of the family. But as it fell out otherwise, he was obliged to get a new lease, to which Mr. Frog made some objections, but they were over-ruled; and soon after another old fellow-servant, Theophilus Wheatcar, came and sat down by him. They being so much alike in their views and dispositions, agreed to live together as intimates, though in two families, which they did till Wheatcar's death, when Ploughshare became his sole heir, and the estate has ever since been his. This Humphrey was always a very industrious, frugal, saving husband; and his wife,

though a formal, strait-laced sort of a body, yet always minded her spinning and knitting, and took excellent care of her dairy. She always clothed her children in homespun garments, and scarcely ever spent a farthing for outlandish trinkets. The family and all its concerns were under very exact regulations: not one of them was suffered to peep out of doors after the sun was set. It was never allowed to brew on Saturday, lest the beer should break the fourth commandment by working on Sunday; and once, it is said, the stallion was impounded a whole week for holding *crim. con.* with the mare while the old gentleman was at his devotions. Bating these peculiarities (and every body has some) Humphrey was a very good sort of a man, a kind neighbour, very thriving, and made a respectable figure. Though he lived a retired life, and did not much follow the fashions, yet he raised a good estate and brought up a large family. His children and grandchildren have penetrated the interior parts of the country, and seated themselves on the best soil, which they know how to distinguish at first sight, and to cultivate to the greatest advantage. Wherever you find them, you find good husbandmen.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

BY JOEL BARLOW. 1793.

PREFACE.

A *simplicity* in diet, whether it be considered with reference to the happiness of individuals or the prosperity of a nation, is of more consequence than we are apt to imagine. In recommending so important an object to the rational part of mankind, I wish it were in my power to do it in such a manner as would be likely to gain their attention. I am sensible that it is one of those subjects in which example has infinitely more power than the most convincing arguments or the highest charms of poetry. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," though possessing these two advantages in a greater degree than any other work of the kind, has not prevented villages in England from being deserted. The apparent interest of the rich individuals, who form the taste as well as the laws in that country, has been against him; and with that interest it has been vain to contend.

The vicious habits which, in this little piece, I endeavor to combat, seem to me not so difficult to cure. No class of people has any interest in supporting them, unless it be the interest which certain families may feel in vying with each other in sumptuous entertainments. There may, indeed, be some instances of depraved appetites which no arguments will conquer; but these must be rare. There are very few persons but what would always prefer a plain dish for themselves, and would prefer it, likewise, for their guests, if there were no risk of reputation in the case. This difficulty can only be removed by example; and the example should proceed from those whose situation enables them to take the lead in forming the manners of a nation. Persons of this description in America, I should hope, are neither above nor below the influence of truth and reason, when conveyed in language suited to the subject.

Whether the manner I have chosen to address my arguments to them be such as to promise any success, is what I cannot decide; but I certainly had hopes of doing some good, or I should not have taken the pains of putting so many

rhymes together. The example of domestic virtues has doubtless a great effect. I only wish to rank *simplicity* of diet among the Virtues. In that case, I should hope it will be cherished and more esteemed by others than it is at present.

JOEL BARLOW.

CHAMBERRY, SAVOY, January, 1793.

The Hasty Pudding.

CANTO I.

YE Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;
Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.
Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal—
The sweets of *Hasty Pudding*. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.
Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame;

* The Massachusetts charter. † Connecticut River.

But, rising grateful to the accustomed ear,
 All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!
 Assist me first with pious toil to trace
 Through wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race;
 Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore
 (Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),
 First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
 Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
 Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
 First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried
 maize,



Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
 In boiling water stir the yellow flour:
 The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,
 Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
 Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
 Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
 The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
 And the whole mass its true consistence takes.
 Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
 Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
 To her, to them I'd consecrate my lays,
 And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
 If 'twas Oella, whom I sang before,
 I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
 Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone
 The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
 But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,
 Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear *Hasty Pudding*, what unpromised joy,
 Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
 Doom'd o'er the world through devious paths to
 roam,
 Each clime my country, and each house my home,
 My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end:
 I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.
 For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,
 How long in vain I wander'd up and down,
 Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
 Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.

London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea;
 No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;
 The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
 Would call a proclamation from the crown.
 For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
 Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize:
 A grain whose rich, luxuriant growth requires
 Short, gentle showers, and bright, ethereal fires.
 But here, though distant from our native shore,
 With mutual glee, we meet and laugh once more.
 The same! I know thee by that yellow face,
 That strong complexion of true Indian race,
 Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
 Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;
 For endless years, through every mild domain,
 Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to
 reign.

But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,
 In different realms to give thee different names.
 Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polanta call; the French, of course, *Polante*.
 E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
 To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush*!
 On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn
 Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppaen*.
 All spurious appellations, void of truth;
 I've better known thee from my earliest youth;
 Thy name is *Hasty Pudding*! thus our sires
 Were wont to greet thee fuming, from their fires;
 And while they argued in thy just defence
 With logic clear, they thus explained the sense:
 "In *haste* the boiling caldron, o'er the blaze,
 Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize;
 In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste*
 With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
 No carving to be done, no knife to grate
 The tender ear and wound the stony plate;
 But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
 And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
 By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
 Performs the *hasty* honors of the board."
 Such is thy name, significant and clear,
 A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,
 But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste
 Preserve my pure, hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
 The luscious food, because it feeds the brute;
 In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while gaudy prigs
 Compare thy nursing man to pamper'd pigs;
 With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest
 Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
 What though the generous cow gives me to quaff
 The milk nutritious; am I then a calf?
 Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
 Though nursed on pudding, thence lay claim to mine?
 Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise,
 Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song, resounding in its grateful glee,
 No merit claims; I praise myself in thee.
 My father loved thee through his length of days!
 For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
 From thee what health, what vigor he possess'd,
 Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;
 Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
 And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
 Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
 To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
 In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
 But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in thee.
 Let the green succotash with thee contend;
 Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend;

Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side;
Not all the plate, how famed so'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.
Some talk of *Hoe-Cake*, fair Virginia's pride!
Rich *Johnny-Cake* this mouth hath often tried;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the last }
Receives a dish of pumpkin in the paste, }
To give it sweetness and improve the taste. }
But place them all before me, smoking hot,
The big, round dumpling, rolling from the pot;
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast;
The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;
The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bakepan knows—
You tempt me not; my favorite greets my eyes,
To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
To make mankind to social virtue sour,
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,
Commanding sweat to steam from every cook;
Children no more their antic gambols tried,
And friends of physic wonder'd why they died.
Not so the Yankee: his abundant feast,
With simples furnish'd and with plainness dress'd,
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
And cheers alike the servant and the lord;
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,
And health attends them from the short repast.
While the full pail rewards the milk-maid's toil,
The mother sees the morning caldron boil;
To stir the pudding next demands their care;
To spread the table and the bowls prepare:
To feed the children as their portions cool,
And comb their heads, and send them off to school.
Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,
For Nature scorns not all the aids of art.
Een Hasty Pudding, purest of all food,
May still be bad, indifferent, or good,
As sage experience the short process guides,
Or want of skill, or want of care presides.
Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
To rear the child and long sustain the man;
To shield the morals while it mends the size,
And all the powers of every food supplies—
Attend the lesson that the muse shall bring;
Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing.
But since, O man! thy life and health demand
Not food alone, but labor from thy hand,
First, in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,
Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize;
She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
And gives her bounties to the sows of toil.
When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
Repays the loan that fill'd the winter stall,
Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain,
And plant in measured hills the golden grain.
But when the tender germ begins to shoot,
And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,
The insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.
A little ashes sprinkled round the spire,
Soon steep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire;

The feather'd robber, with his hungry maw,
Swift flies the field before your man of straw;
A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring,
When met to burn the pope or hang the king.

Thrice in the season, through each verdant row,
Wield the strong ploughshare and the faithful hoe;
The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,
To till the summer corn and roast the winter cakes.
Slow springs the blade, while check'd by chilling rains,
Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;
But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,
Then start the juices, then the roots expand;
Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold;
The bushy branches all the ridges fill,
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
Here cease to vex them; all your cares are done;
Leave the last labors to the parent sun;
Beneath his genial smiles, the well-dress'd field,
When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.
Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;
The suckling ears the silken fringes bend,
And, pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;
The loaded stalk, while still the burden grows,
O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows;
High as a hop-field waves the silent grove.
A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid,
To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade
His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
And the green spoils her ready basket fill;
Small compensation for the twofold bliss,
The promised wedding, and the present kiss.
Slight depredations these; but now the moon
Calls from his hollow tree the sly raccoon;
And while by night he bears his prize away,
The bolder squirrel labors through the day.
Both thieves alike, but provident of time,
A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.
Then let them steal the little stores they can,
And fill their granaries from the toils of man;
We've one advantage where they take no part—
With all their wiles, they ne'er have found the art
To boil the *Hasty Pudding*; here we shine
Superior far to tenants of the pine;
This envied boon to man shall still belong,
Unshared by them in substance or in song.
At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain;
Deep-loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill;
The sack distended marches to the mill;
The laboring mill beneath the burden groans,
And showers the future pudding from the stones;
Till the glad housewife greets the powder'd gold,
And the new crop exterminates the old.

CANTO III.

The days grow short; but though the fallen sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done;
Night's pleasant shades his various tasks prolong,
And yield new subjects to my various song.
For now, the corn-house fill'd, the harvest home,
The invited neighbors to the *husking* come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.
Where the huge heap lies centred in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown, corn-fed nymphs, and strong, hard-handed
beaux,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,

Assume their seats, the solid mass attack ;
 The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack ;
 The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
 And the sweet cider trips in silence round.
 The laws of husking every wight can tell,
 And sure no laws he ever keeps so well :
 For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
 With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains ;
 But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
 Red as her lips and taper as her waist,
 She walks the round and culls one favor'd beau,
 Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.
 Various the sports, as are the wits and brains
 Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains ;
 Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
 And he that gets the last ear wins the day.
 Meanwhile, the housewife urges all her care,
 The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare.
 The sifted meal already waits her hand,
 The milk is strain'd, the bowls in order stand,
 The fire flames high ; and as a pool (that takes
 The headlong stream that o'er the milldam breaks)
 Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,
 So the vex'd caldron rages, roars, and boils.
 First with clean salt she seasons well the food,
 Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.
 Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand ;
 To stir it well demands a stronger hand ;



The husband takes his turn : and round and round
 The ladle flies ; at last the toil is crown'd ;
 When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
 And take their seats as at the corn before.
 I leave them to their feast. There still belong
 More copious matters to my faithful song.

For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded yet,
 Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate
 Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
 And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.
 A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise ;
 A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
 When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
 And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.
 Bless'd cow ! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
 Great source of health, the only source of joy ;
 Mother of Egypt's god—but sure, for me,
 Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.
 How oft thy teats these pious hands have press'd !
 How oft thy bounties proved my only feast !
 How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain !
 And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain !
 Ye, swains who know her various worth to prize,
 Ah ! house her well from winter's angry skies !
 Potatoes, pumpkins should her sadness cheer,
 Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer ;
 When spring returns, she'll well acquit the loan,
 And nurse at once your infants and her own.
 Milk, then, with pudding I would always choose ;
 To this in future I confine my muse,
 Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
 Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
 First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
 Then drop with care along the silver lake
 Your flakes of pudding ; these at first will hide
 Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide ;
 But when their growing mass no more can sink,
 When the soft island looms above the brink,
 Then check your hand ; you've got the portion due :
 So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.
 There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear
 The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.
 The deep-bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop
 In ample draughts the thin, diluted soup,
 Performs not well in those substantial things,
 Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings ;
 Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
 The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.
 With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
 A bowl less concave, but still more dilate,
 Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
 A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes.
 Experienced feeders can alone impart
 A rule so much above the lore of art.
 These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
 With just precision could the point decide,
 Though not in song ; the muse but poorly shines
 In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines ;
 Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
 Is that small section of a goose-egg shell,
 Which in two equal portions shall divide
 The distance from the centre to the side.
 Fear not to slaver ; 'tis no deadly sin :
 Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
 Suspend your ready napkin ; or like me,
 Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee ;
 Just in the zenith your wise head project ;
 Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
 Bold as a bucket, heed no drops that fall—
 The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all !

AN ATTEMPT AT LARCENY.—When the late Judge Howell, of Rhode Island, was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat, *vacuum caput* (empty-head). The hat circulated about, exciting a smile on every countenance except that of the owner, who deliberately took it up,

and repeated the words, and, well knowing the author, addressed the court as follows : " May it please the court, I ask your honor's protection, (holding up his hat,) for," said he, " I find that brother Burgess has written his name in my hat, and I have reason to believe he intends to make off with it."

HOW TO RECEIVE A CHALLENGE.

FROM "MODERN CHIVALRY." BY H. H. BRACKENRIDGE. 1796.

OUR worthy knight, and his aspiring bog-trotter, had now been some days, perhaps weeks, in a large village, not necessary to be named; but which, not more than a score of years ago, had been on the frontier. It is not necessary to speak of the reason for this delay; perhaps it was a part of the plan of observation adopted; perhaps something of a personal nature was the cause. Certain it is, that while here, the captain heard a good deal said about a certain Miss Vapor, who was the belle of the place. Her father had made a fortune by the purchase of public securities. A garrison having been at this place, and troops quartered here, he had been employed as an issuing commissary. When the commissioners sat to adjust unliquidated claims, he had a good deal in his power, by vouching for the accounts of the butcher and baker, and wood-cutter and water-drawer, and wagoner, and others of all occupations whatsoever, whose claims were purchased by himself in the mean time; and when the certificates issued in their names, they were to his use. The butcher and baker, no doubt, long before, had been paid out of the flesh killed, or bread baked; because it is a good maxim, and a scriptural expression, "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn." But the public has a broad back, and a little vouching, by a person interested, is not greatly felt. These certificates, though at first of little value, and issued by the commissioners with the liberality of those who give what is of little worth, yet, by the funding acts of the government having become in value equal to gold and silver, the commissary had a great estate thrown upon him; so that, from low beginnings, he had become a man of fortune and consequence. His family, and especially the eldest daughter, shared the advantage; for she had become the object of almost all wooers. The captain, though an old bachelor, as we have said, had not wholly lost the idea of matrimony. Happening to be in a circle, one evening, where Miss Vapor was, he took a liking to her in all respects save one, which was, that she seemed, on her part, to have taken a liking to a certain Mr. Jacko, who was there present. The captain behaved as if he did not observe the preference; but the following day, waiting on the young lady at her father's house, he drew her into conversation, and began to reason with her in the following manner:

"Miss Vapor," said he, "you are a young lady of great beauty, great sense, and fortune still greater than either."

This was a sad blunder in a man of gallantry, but the lady not being of the greatest sensibility of nerve, did not perceive it.

"On my part," said he, "I am a man of years, but a man of some reflection; and it would be much more advisable in you to trust my experience, and the mellowness of my disposition in a state of matrimony, than the vanity and petulance of this young sop Jacko, for whom you show a partiality."

The color coming into the young lady's face at this expression, she withdrew and left him by himself. The captain, struck with the rudeness, withdrew also; and after a few, but very long strides, found himself seated in his lodgings.

The next morning, shortly after he had got out of



bed, and had just come down stairs, and was buttoning the knees of his breeches, a light airy-looking young man, with much bowing and civility, entered the hall of the public-house, inquiring "if this was not Captain Farrago, to whom he had the honor to address himself," delivered him a paper. On the perusal, it was found to be a challenge from Major Jacko.

The fact was, that Miss Vapor, in order the more to recommend herself to her suitor, had informed him of the language of the captain. The young man, though he had no great stomach for the matter, yet, according to the custom of these times, could do no less than challenge. The bearer was what is called his second.

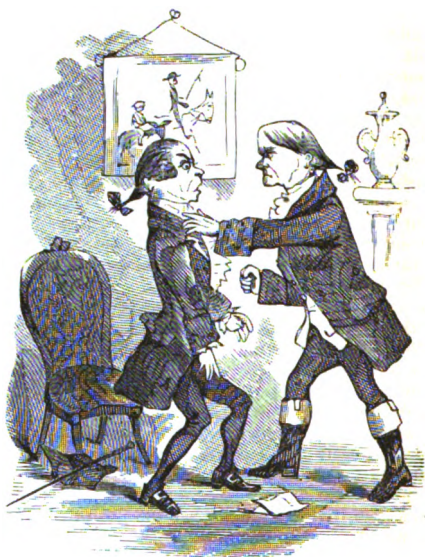
The captain, having read the paper, and pausing a while, said, "Mr. Second, for that I take to be your style and character, is it consistent with reason or common sense, to be the aider or abettor of another man's folly; perhaps the prompter? For it is no uncommon thing with persons to inflame the passions of their friends, rather than allay them. This young woman, for I shall not call her lady, from vanity, or ill nature, or both, has become a tale-bearer to her lover, who, I will venture to say, thanks her but little for it; as she has thereby rendered it necessary for him to take this step. You, in the mean time, are not blameless, as it became you to have declined the office, and thereby furnished an excuse to your friend for not complying with the custom. For it would have been a sufficient apology with the lady to have said, although he was disposed to fight, yet he could get no one to be his armor-bearer or assistant. It could have been put upon the footing, that all had such regard for his life, that no one would countenance him in risking it. You would have saved him, by this

means, all that uneasiness which he feels at present, lest I should accept this challenge. I am not so unacquainted with human nature, as not to know how disagreeable it must be to think of having a pistol-ball lodged in the groin or the left breast; or, to make the best of it, the pan of the knee broke, or the nose cut off, or some wound less than mortal given; disagreeable, especially to a man in the bloom of life, and on the point of marriage with a woman to whose person or fortune he has no exception. I would venture to say, therefore, there will be no great difficulty in appeasing this Orlando Furioso, that has sent me the challenge. Did you know the state of his mind, you would find it to be his wish at this moment, that I would ease his fears, and make some apology. A very slight one would suffice. I dare say, his resentment against Miss Vapor is not slight, and that he would renounce her person and fortune both, to get quit of the duel. But the opinion of the world is against him, and he must fight. Do you think he has any great gratitude to you for your services on this occasion? He had much rather you had, in the freedom of friendship, given him a kick, when he made application to you; and told him, that it did not become him to quarrel about a woman, who had, probably, consulted her own vanity, in giving him the information. In that case, he would have been more pleased with you a month hence, than he is at present. I do not know that he has an overstock of sense; nevertheless, he cannot be just such a fool, as not to consider that you, yourself, may have pretensions to this belle, and be disposed to have him out of the way before you. He must be a fool, indeed, if he does not reflect, that you had much rather see us fight than not; from the very same principle that we take delight in seeing a cock-match, or a horse-race. The spectacle is new, and produces a brisk current of thought through the mind, which is a constituent of pleasure; the absence of all movement giving none at all.

"What do you suppose I must think of you, Mr. Second; I, who have read books, and thought a little on the subject, have made up my mind in these matters, and account the squires that bring challenges from knights, as people of but very small desert? Thinking men have condemned the duel, and laws have prohibited it; but these miscreants still keep it up, by being the conductors of the fluid. My indignation, therefore, falls on such, and I have long ago fixed on the mode of treating them. It is this: a stout athletic man calls upon me with a challenge in his hand; I knock him down, if I can, without saying a word. If the natural arm be not sufficient for this purpose, I avail myself of any stone, wooden, or iron instrument that I cast my eye upon, not just to take away his life, if I can help it; but to hit the line as exactly as possible, between actual homicide and a very bad wound. For, in this case, I should conceive, a battery would be justifiable, or at least excusable, and the fine not great; the bearing a challenge being a breach of the peace, in the first instance. This would be my conduct with a stout athletic man, whom I might think it dangerous to encounter with fair warning, and on equal terms. But in the present case, where—(here the second began to show signs of fear, raising himself, and inclining backwards, opening his eyes wider, and casting a look towards the door)—where," continued the captain, "I have to do with a person of your slender make, I do not adopt that surprise, or use an artificial weapon; but

with these fists, which have been used to agricultural employments, I shall very deliberately impress a blow."

The second rising to his feet began to recede a little. "Be under no apprehensions," said the captain, "I will use no unfair method of biting, or gouging, or worse practice, common in what is called rough-and-tumble. Nay, as you appear to be a young man of delicate constitution, I shall only choke a little. You will give me leave to take you by the throat in as easy a manner as possible."



In the mean time the second had been withdrawing towards the door, and the captain, with outstretched arms, in a sideway direction, proceeded to intercept him. In an instant he was seized by the neck, and the exclamation of murder, which he made at the first grasp, began to die away in hoarse guttural murmurs of one nearly strangled, and laboring for breath. The captain, meaning that he should be more alarmed than hurt, dismissed him with a salutation of his foot on the seat of honor, by way of *claudes ostium*, as he went out. "You may be," said he, "a gentleman in the opinion of the world; but you are a low person in mine; and so it shall be done to every one who shall come upon such an errand."

Having thus dismissed the secondary man, he called in his servant Teague, and accosted him as follows: "Teague," said he, "you have heretofore discovered an ambition to be employed in some way that would advance your reputation. There is now a case fallen out, to which you are fully competent. It is not a matter that requires the head to contrive, but the hand to execute. The greatest fool is as fit for it as a wise man. It is indeed your greatest blockheads that chiefly undertake it. The knowledge of law, physic, or divinity, is out of the question. Literature and political understanding is useless. Nothing more is necessary than a little resolution of the heart. Yet it is an undertaking which is of much estimation with the rabble, and has a great many on its side to approve and praise it. The females of the world, especially, admire

the act, and call it valor. I know you wish to stand well with the ladies. Here is an opportunity of advancing your credit. I have had what is called a challenge sent to me this morning. It is from a certain Jacko, who is a suitor to a Miss Vapor, and has taken offence at an expression of mine respecting him. I wish you to accept the challenge, and fight him for me."

At this proposition, Teague looked wild, and made apology, that he was not much used to boxing or cudgelling, except, when he had a quarrel, or at a fair at home. "Boxing!" said the captain, "you are to fight what is called a duel. You are to encounter him with pistols, and put a bullet through him if you can. It is true, he will have the chance of putting one through you; but in that consists the honor; for where there is no danger there is no glory. You will provide yourself a second. There is an hostler here at the public-house, that is a brave fellow, and will answer the purpose. Being furnished with a second, you will provide yourself with a pair of pistols, powder, and ball of course. In the mean time your adversary, notified of your intentions, will do the like. Thus equipped, you will advance to the place agreed upon. The ground will be measured out; ten, seven, or five steps; back to back, and coming round to your place, fire. Or taking your ground, stand still and fire; or it may be, advance and fire as you meet, at what distance you think proper. The rules in this respect are not fixed, but as the parties can agree, or the seconds point out. When you come to fire, be sure you keep a steady hand, and take good aim. Remember that the pistol-barrel being short, the powder is apt to throw the bullet up. Your sight, therefore, ought to be about the waistband of his breeches, so that you have the whole length of his body, and his head in the bargain, to come and go upon. It is true, he, in the mean time, will take the same advantage of you. He may hit you about the groin, or the belly. I have known some shot in the thigh, or the leg. The throat also, and the head, are in themselves vulnerable. It is no uncommon thing to have an arm broke, or a splinter struck off the nose, or an eye shot out; but as in that case the ball mostly passes through the brain, and the man being dead at any rate, the loss of sight is not felt."

As the captain spoke, Teague seemed to feel in himself every wound which was described; the ball hitting him, now in one part, and now in another. At the last words, it seemed to pass through his head, and he was half dead, in imagination. Making a shift to express himself, he gave the captain to understand, that he could by no means undertake the office. "What!" said the captain; "you, whom nothing would serve, some time ago, but to be a legislator, or philosopher, or preacher, in order to gain fame, will now decline a business for which you are qualified! This requires no knowledge of finances, no reading of natural history, or any study of the fathers. You have nothing more to do than keep a steady hand and a good eye."

"In the early practice of this exercise, I mean the combat of the duel, it was customary to exact an oath of the combatants, before they entered the lists, that they had no enchantments, or power of witchcraft, about them. Whether you should think it necessary to put him to his *voir dire* on this point, I shall not say; but I am persuaded, that on your part, you have too much honor to make use of spells, or undue means, to take away his life or save

your own. You will leave all to the chance of fair shooting. One thing you will observe, and which is allowable in this matter; you will take care not to present yourself with a full breast, but angularly, and your head turned round over the left shoulder, like a weather-cock. For thus a smaller surface being presented to an adversary, he will be less likely to hit you. You must throw your legs into lines parallel, and keep them one directly behind the other. Thus you will stand like a sail hauled close to the wind. Keep a good countenance, a sharp eye, and a sour look; and if you feel any thing like a colic, or a palpitation of the heart, make no noise about it. If the ball should take you in the gills, or the gizzard, fall down as decently as you can, and die like a man of honor."

It was of no use to urge the matter; the Irishman was but the more opposed to the proposition, and utterly refused to be *after* fighting in any such manner. The captain, finding this to be the case, dismissed him to clean his boots and spurs, and rub down his horse in the stable.

On reflection, it seemed advisable to the captain to write an answer to the card which Colonel or Major Jacko, or whatever his title may have been, had sent him this morning. It was as follows:

"SIR,—I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is, lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh may be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for long sea voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year-old colt."

"It would seem to me a strange thing to shoot at a man that would stand still to be shot at; inasmuch as I have been heretofore used to shoot at things flying, or running, or jumping. Were you on a tree now, like a squirrel, endeavoring to hide yourself in the branches, or like a raccoon, that after much eyeing and spying, I observe at length in the crotch of a tall oak, with boughs and leaves intervening, so that I could just get a sight of his hinder parts, I should think it pleasurable enough to take a shot at you. But as it is, there is no skill or judgment requisite either to discover or take you down."

"As to myself, I do not much like to stand in the way of any thing harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree, or a barn-door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me."

JOHN FARRAGO,
Late Captain, Penn. Militia.

MAJOR VALENTINE JACKO, *U. S. Army.*"

The captain was a good man, but unacquainted with the world. His ideas were drawn chiefly from

what may be called the old school; the Greek and Roman notions of things. The combat of the duel was to them unknown; though it seems strange, that a people who were famous for almost all arts and sciences, should have remained ignorant of its use. I do not conceive how, as a people, they could exist without it: but so it was, they actually were without the knowledge of it. For we do not find any trace of this custom in the poets or historians of all antiquity.

I do not know at what period, precisely, the custom was introduced, or to whom it was owing; but omitting this disquisition, we content ourselves with observing, that it has produced as great an improvement in manners, as the discovery of the loadstone and mariner's compass has in navigation. Not that I mean to descend at full length on the valuable effects of it; but simply to observe, that it is a greater aid to government than the alliance of the church and state itself. If Dr. Warburton had had leisure, I could wish he had written a treatise upon it. Some affect to ridicule it, as carrying to a greater length small differences, than the aggravations may justify. As for instance, a man is angry enough with you to give you a slap in the face; but the custom says, he must shoot you through the head. I think the smaller the aggravation, the nicer the sense of honor. The heaviest mind will resent a gross affront; but to kill a man where there is no affront at all, shows a great sensibility. It is immaterial whether there is or is not an injury, provided the world thinks there is; for it is the opinion of mankind we are to consult. It is a duty which we owe them, to provide for their amusement. *Nos nascimur nobis ipsis*; we are not born for ourselves, but for others. *Decorum pro patria mori*; it is a becoming thing to die for one's country; and shall it not also be accounted honorable to throw one's life away for the entertainment of a few particular neighbors and acquaintances? It is true the tears that will be shed upon your grave will not make the grass grow; but you will have the consolation, when you leave the world, to have fallen in the bed of honor.

It is certainly a very noble institution, that of the duel: and it has been carried to very great perfection in some respects. Nevertheless, I would submit it to the public, whether still farther improvements might not be made in the laws and regulations of it. For instance, could it not be reduced nearer to an equality of chances, by proportioning the calibre, or bore of the pistol; the length of the barrel also, to the size of the duellist who holds it; or by fixing the ratio of distance in proportion to the bulk of combatants? To explain myself: When I am to fight a man of small size, I ought to have a longer pistol than my adversary, because my mark is smaller; or I ought to be permitted to come nearer to him. For it is altogether unfair that men of unequal bulk should fire at equal distances, and with equal calibres. The smaller size multiplied by the larger space, or larger pistol, would equal the larger size multiplied by the smaller space, or smaller pistol. If this amendment of the duel laws should be approved by men of honor, let it be added to the code.

Not long after what has been related in the last chapter, being at a certain place, he was accosted by a stranger in the following manner:

"Captain," said he, "I have heard of a young man in your service who talks Irish. Now, sir, my

business is that of an Indian treaty maker, and am on my way with a party of kings and half-kings, to the commissioners, to hold a treaty. My king of the Kickapoos, who was a Welsh blacksmith, took sick by the way, and is dead: I have heard of this lad of yours, and could wish to have him a while to supply his place. The treaty will not last longer than a couple of weeks; and as the government will probably allow three or four thousand dollars for the treaty, it will be in our power to make it worth your while to spare him for that time."

"Your king of the Kickapoos," said the captain, "what does that mean?"—Said the stranger, "it is just this: You have heard of the Indian nations to the westward, that occasionally make war upon the frontier settlements. It has been a policy of government to treat with these, and distribute goods. Commissioners are appointed for that purpose. Now you are not to suppose that it is an easy matter to catch a real chief, and bring him from the woods; or if at some expense one was brought, the goods would go to his use; whereas it is much more profitable to hire substitutes, and make chiefs of our own. And as some unknown gibberish is necessary, to pass for an Indian language, we generally make use of Welsh, or Low Dutch, or Irish; or pick up an ingenious fellow here and there, who can imitate a language by sounds of his own in his mouth and throat. But we prefer one who can speak a real tongue, and give more for him. We cannot afford you a great deal at this time for the use of your man; because it is not a general treaty, where twenty or thirty thousand dollars are appropriated for the purpose of holding it; but an occasional, or what we call a running treaty, by way of brightening the chain, and holding fast friendship. The commissioners will doubtless be glad to see us, and procure from government an allowance for the treaty. For the more treaties, the more use for commissioners. The business must be kept up, and treaties made, if there are none of themselves. My Piankasha, and Choctaw chiefs, are very good fellows; the one of them a Scotch peddler that talks the Erse; the other has been some time in Canada, and has a little broken Indian. I know not of what language; but has been of great service in assisting to teach the rest some Indian customs and manners. I have had the whole of them for a fortnight past under my tuition, teaching them war songs and dances, and to make responses at the treaty. If your man is tractable, I can make him a Kickapoo in about nine days. A breech-clout and leggins that I took off the blacksmith that died, I have ready to put on him. He must have part of his head shaved, and painted, with feathers on his crown; but the paint will rub off, and the hair grow in a short time, so that he can go about with you again."

"It is a very strange affair," said the captain. "Is it possible that such deception can be practised in a new country? It astonishes me that the government does not detect such imposition."

"The government," said the Indian treaty man, "is at a great distance. It knows no more of Indians than a cow does of Greek. The legislature hears of wars and rumors of wars, and supports the executive in forming treaties. How is it possible for men who live remote from the scene of action, to have adequate ideas of the nature of Indians, or the transactions that are carried on in their behalf? Do you think the one-half of those savages that

come to treat, are real representatives of the nation? Many of them are not savages at all; but weavers and peddlers, as I have told you, picked up to make kings and chiefs. I speak of those particularly that come trading down to inland towns or the metropolis. I would not communicate these mysteries of our trade, were it not that I confide in your good sense, and have occasion for your servant."

"It is a mystery of iniquity," said the captain. "Do you suppose that I would countenance such a fraud upon the public?"—"I do not know," said the other; "it is a very common thing for men to speculate, nowadays. If you will not, another will. A hundred dollars might as well be in your pocket as another man's. I will give you that for the use of your servant for a week or two, and say no more about it."

"It is an idea new to me entirely," said the captain, "that Indian princes, whom I have seen escorted down as such, were no more than trumpery, disguised as you mention. That such should be introduced to polite assemblies, and have the honor to salute the fair ladies with a kiss, the greatest beauties thinking themselves honored by having the salutation of a sovereign."—"It is so," said the other; "I had a bricklayer once whom I passed for a Chippewa; and who has dined with clubs, and sat next the president. He was blind of an eye, and was called Blind Sam by the traders. I had given it out that he was a great warrior, and had lost his eye by an arrow in war with a rival nation. These things are now reduced to a system; and it is so well known to those who are engaged in the traffic, that we think nothing of it."

"How the devil," said the captain, "do you get speeches made, and interpret them so as to pass for truth?"—"That is an easy matter," said the other; "Indian speeches are nearly all alike. You have only to talk of burying hatchets under large trees, kindling fires, brightening chains; with a demand, at the latter end, of rum to get drunk on."

"I much doubt," said the captain, "whether treaties that are carried on in earnest are of any great use."—"Of none at all," said the other; "especially as the practice of giving goods prevails; because this is an inducement to a fresh war. This being the case, it can be no harm to make a farce of the whole matter; or rather a profit of it, by such means as I propose to you, and have pursued myself."

"After all," said the captain, "I cannot but consider it as a kind of contraband and illicit traffic; and I must be excused from having any hand in it. I shall not betray your secret, but I shall not favor it. It would ill become me, whose object in riding about in this manner, is to impart just ideas on all subjects, to share in such ill-gotten gain."

The Indian treaty-man, finding it in vain to say more, withdrew.

The captain, apprehending that he might not yet drop his designs upon the Irishman, but be tampering with him out of doors, should he come across him, sent for Teague. For he well knew that, should the Indian treaty-man get the first word of him, the idea of making him a king would turn his head, and it would be impossible to prevent his going with him.

Teague coming in, said the captain to him, "Teague, I have discovered in you, for some time past, a great spirit of ambition, which is, doubtless,

commendable in a young person; and I have checked it only in cases where there was real danger or apparent mischief. There is now an opportunity of advancing yourself, not so much in the way of honor as profit. But profit brings honor, and is, indeed, the most substantial support of it. There has been a man here with me, that carries on a trade with the Indians, and tells me that red-headed scalps are in great demand with them. If you could spare yours, he would give a good price for it. I do not well know what use they make of this article, but so it is, the traders find their account in it. Probably they dress it with the hairy side out, and make tobacco-pouches for the chiefs, when they meet in council. It saves dye; and besides, the natural red hair of a man may, in their estimation, be superior to any color they can give by art. The taking off the scalp will not give much pain, it is so dexterously done by them with a crooked knife they have for that purpose. The mode of taking off the scalp is this: You lie down on your face; a warrior puts his feet upon your shoulders, collects your hair in his left hand, and drawing a circle with the knife in his right, makes the incision, and with a sudden pull, separates it from the head, giving, in the mean time, what is called the scalp-yell. The thing is done in such an instant, that the pain is scarcely felt. He offered me a hundred dollars, if I would have it taken off for his use; giving me directions, in the mean time, how to stretch it and dry it on a hoop. I told him, No! it was a perquisite of your own, and you might dispose of it as you thought proper. If you choose to dispose of it, I had no objections; but the bargain should be of your own making, and the price such as should please yourself. I have sent for you to give you a hint of this chapman, that you may have a knowledge of his wish to possess the property, and ask accordingly. It is probable you may bring him up to a half Johannes more by holding out a little. But I do not think it would be advisable to lose the bargain. A hundred dollars for a little hairy flesh is a great deal. You will trot a long time before you make that with me. He will be with you probably to propose the purchase. You will know him when you see him: he is a tall-looking man, with leggins on, and has several Indians with him going to a treaty. He talked to me something of making you a king of the Kickapoos, after the scalp is off; but I would not count on that so much; because words are but wind, and promises are easily broken. I would advise you to make sure of the money in the first place, and take chance for the rest."

I have seen among the prints of Hogarth, some such expression of countenance as that of Teague at this instant; who, as soon as he could speak, but with a double brogue on his tongue, began to intimate his disinclination to the traffic. The hair of his scalp itself, in the mean time, had risen in opposition to it.—"Dear master, will you throw me into ridicule, and de blessed salvation of my life, and all dat I have in de world, to be trown like a dog to the savages, and have my flesh torn off my head to give to dese wild bastes to make a napsack to carry deir parates and tings in, for an hundred dollars or de like? It shall never be said that de hair of de O'Regans made mackescens for a wild Indian to trat upon. I would sooner throw up my own head, hair and all, in de fire, dan give it to dese pable to smoke wid out of deir long pipes."

"If this be your determination," said the captain, "it will behoove you to keep yourself somewhat close; and while we remain at this public-house, avoid any conversation with the chapman or his agents, should they come to tamper with you. For it is not improbable, while they are keeping you in talk, proposing to make you a Kickapoo chief and the like, they may snatch the scalp off your head, and you not be the wiser for it."

Teague thought the caution good, and resolving to abide by it, retired to the kitchen. The maid, at this time, happening to want a log of wood, requested Teague to cut it for her. Taking the axe, accordingly, and going out, he was busy chopping, with his head down; while, in the mean time, the Indian treaty man had returned with one in Indian dress, who was the chief of the Killinoos, or at least passed for such; and whom he brought as having some recruiting talents, and might prevail with Teague to elope and join the company.

"I suppose," said the Indian treaty man, "you are the waiter of the captain who lodges here at present." Teague, hearing a man speak, and lifting up his head, saw the leggins on the one and the Indian dress on the other; and with a kind of involuntary effort threw the axe directly from him at the Killinoo. It missed him, but about an inch,

and fell behind. Teague, in the mean time, raising a shout of desperation, was fixed on the spot, and his locomotive faculties suspended; so that he could neither retreat nor advance; but stood still, like one enchained or enchanted for the moment. The king of the Killinoos, in the mean time, drew his tomahawk, and prepared for battle.

The captain, who was reading at a front window, hearing the shout, looked about and saw what was going on at the woodpile. "Stop, villain," said he to the king of the Killinoos, "you are not to take that scalp yet, however much you may value it. He will not take a hundred dollars for it, nor five hundred, though you make him king of the Kickapoos or any thing else. It is no trifling matter to have the ears slit in tatters, and the nose run through with a bodkin, and a goose-quill stuck across; so that you may go about your business—you will get no king of the Kickapoos here."

Under cover of this address of the captain, Teague had retired to the kitchen, and ensconced himself behind the rampart of the maid. The Indian treaty man and the Killinoo chief, finding the measure hopeless, withdrew, and turned their attention, it is to be supposed, to some other quarter to find a king of the Kickapoos, while the captain, after paying his score, set out on his travels.

THE COUNTRY PRINTER.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU. CIRCA, 1796.

I.

BESIDE a stream, that never yet ran dry,
There stands a town, not high advanc'd in fame;
Tho' few its buildings rais'd to please the eye,
Still this proud title it may fairly claim;
A tavern (its first requisite) is there,
A mill, a blacksmith's shop, a place of prayer.

Nay, more—a little market-house is seen,
And iron hooks where beef was never hung,
Nor pork, nor bacon, poultry fat or lean,
Pig's head, or sausage link, or bullock's tongue:
Look when you will, you see the vacant bench,
No butcher seated there, no country wench.

Great aims were his, who first contriv'd this town;
A market he would have—but, humbled now,
Sighing, we see its fabric mould'ring down,
That only serves, at night, to pen the cow;
And hence, by way of jest, it may be said
That beef is there, tho' never beef that's dead.

Abreast the inn—a tree before the door,
A Printing Office lifts its humble head,
Where busy TYPE old journals doth explore
For news that is thro' all the village read
Who year from year (so cruel is his lot)
Is author, pressman, devil—and what not.

Fame says, he is an odd and curious wight,
Fond to distraction of his native place;
In sense not very dull nor very bright,
Yet shows some marks of humor in his face;
One who can pen an anecdote complete,
Or plague the parson with the mackled sheet.

Three times a week, by nimble geldings drawn,
A stage arrives; but scarcely deigns to stop,
Unless the driver, far in liquor gone,
Has made some business for the blacksmith-shop;
Then comes this printer's harvest-time of news,
Welcome alike from Christians, Turks, or Jews.

Each passenger he eyes with curious glance,
And, if his phiz be mark'd of courteous kind,
To conversation, straight, he makes advance.
Hoping, from thence, some paragraph to find,
Some odd adventure, something new and rare,
To set the town a-gape, and make it stare.

II.

All is not truth ('tis said) that travellers tell—
So much the better for this man of news;
For hence the country round, who know him well,
Will, if he prints some lies, his lies excuse,
Earthquakes and battles, shipwrecks, myriads slain,
If false or true, alike to him are gain.

But if this motley tribe say nothing new,
Then many a lazy, longing look is cast,
To watch the weary postboy travelling through,
On horse's rump his budget buckled fast,
With letters, safe in leathern prison pent,
And wet, from press, full many a packet sent.

Not Argus, with his fifty pair of eyes,
Look'd sharper for his prey than honest TYPE
Explores each package, of alluring size,
Prepar'd to seize them with a nimble gripe,
Did not the postboy watch his goods, and swear
That village Type shall only have his share.

Ask you what matter fills his various page?

A mere farrago 'tis of mingled things;
Whate'er is done on madam Terra's stage,
He to the knowledge of his townsmen brings;
One while, he tells of monarchs run away;
And now, of witches drown'd in Buzzard's bay.

Some miracles he makes, and some he steals;
Half nature's works are giants in his eyes;
Much, very much, in wonderment he deals,—
New Hampshire apples grown to pumpkin size,
Pumpkins almost as large as country inns,
And ladies, bearing each,—three lovely twins.

He, births and deaths, with cold indifference views;
A paragraph from him is all they claim:
And here the rural 'Squire, amongst the news,
Sees the fair record of some lordling's fame;
All that was good minutely brought to light,
All that was ill,—conceal'd from vulgar sight.

III.

THE OFFICE.

Source of the wisdom of the country round,
Again I turn to that poor lonely shed,
Where many an author all his fame has found,
And wretched proofs by candle-light are read,
Inverted letters, left the page to grace,
Colons derang'd, and commas out of place.

Beneath this roof the muses chose their home,—
Sad was their choice, less bookish ladies say,
Since from the blessed hour they deign'd to come,
One single cobweb was not brush'd away;
Fate early had pronounc'd this building's doom,
Ne'er to be vex'd with boonder, brush, or broom.

Here, full in view, the ink-bespangled press
Gives to the world its children, with a groan:
Some born to live a month—a day—some less;
Some, why they live at all, not clearly known.
All that are born must die! TYPE well knows that,
The almanack's his longest living brat.

Here lie the types, in curious order rang'd,
Ready alike t' imprint your prose or verse;
Ready to speak (their order only chang'd)
Creek-Indian lingo, Dutch, or Highland Erse;
These types have printed Erskine's *Gospel Treat*,
Tom Durfey's songs, and Bunyan's works, complete.

But faded are their charms, their beauty fled!
No more their work your nicer eyes admire;
Hence, from this press no courtly stuff is read,
But almanacks and ballads for the 'Squire,
Dull paragraphs, in homely language dress'd,
The peddler's bill, and sermons by request.

Here, doom'd the fortune of the press to try,
From year to year poor TYPE his trade pursues,
With anxious care and circumspective eye,
He dresses out his little sheet of news;
Now laughing at the world, now looking grave,
At once the muse's midwife—and her slave.

In by-past years, perplex'd with vast designs,
In cities fair he strove to gain a seat;
But, wandering to a wood of many pines,
In solitude he found his best retreat,
When, sick of towns, and, sorrowful at heart,
He to those deserts brought his fav'rite art.

IV.

Thou, who art plac'd in some more favor'd spot,
Where spires ascend, and ships from ev'ry clime
Discharge their freights—despise not thou the lot
Of humble TYPE, who here has pass'd his prime;
At ease and press has labor'd many a day,
But now, in years, is verging to decay.



He, in his time, the patriot of his town,
With press and pen attack'd the royal side;
Did what he could to pull their Lion down,
Clipp'd at his beard, and twitch'd his sacred hide,
Mimick'd his roarings, trod upon his toes,
Pelted young whelps, and tweak'd the old one's nose.

Rous'd by his page, at church or court-house read,
From depths of woods the willing rustics ran,
Now by a priest, and now some deacon led
With clubs and spits to guard the rights of man;
Lads from the spade, the pickaxe, or the plough,
Marching afar, to fight Burgoyne or Howe.

Where are they now?—the village asks with grief,
What were their toils, their conquests, or their gains?
Perhaps they, near some state-house, beg relief,
Perhaps they sleep on Saratoga's plains;
Doom'd not to live, their country to reproach,
For seven years' pay transferred to mammon's coach.

Ye guardians of your country and her laws!
Since to the pen and press so much we owe,
Still bid them favor freedom's sacred cause,
From this pure source, let streams unsullied flow;
Hence, a new order grows on reason's plan,
And turns the fierce barbarian into—man.

Child of the earth, of rude materials fram'd,
Man, always found a tyrant or a slave,
Fond to be honor'd, valued, rich, or fam'd,
Roves o'er the earth, and subjugates the wave:
Despots and kings this restless race may share,—
But knowledge only makes them worth your care!

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

An Ode, composed for the Fourth of July, calculated for the Meridian of some Country Towns in Massachusetts, and Rye, in New Hampshire.

BY ROYAL TYLER. 1801.

SQUEAK the fife and beat the drum,
Independence day is come!!
Let the roasting pig be bled,
Quick twist off the cockerel's head.
Quickly rub the pewter platter,
Heap the nutcakes fried in batter,
Set the cups and beaker glass,
The pumpkin and the apple sauce.
Send the keg to shop for brandy,
Maple sugar we have handy;
Independent staggering Dick,
A noggin wine of *swinging thick*.
Sal, put on your russet skirt,
Jotham, get your *boughten* shirt;
To-day we dance to tiddle diddle,
Here comes Sambo with his fiddle;
Sambo, take a dram of whisky,
And play up Yankee Doodle frisky.
Moll, come leave your witched tricks,
And let us have a reel of six;
Father and mother shall make two,
Sall, Moll, and I stand all a row,
Sambo, play and dance with quality,
This is the day of blest Equality.
Father and mother are but men,
And Sambo is a *citizen*.
Come, foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in,
And mother, you dance up to him.

Now saw as fast as e'er you can do,
And father, you cross o'er to Sambo.
—Thus we dance, and thus we play,
On glorious *Independence Day*.
Rub more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go.
Zounds, as sure as eggs and bacon,
Here's Ensign Sneak and uncle Deacon,
Aunt Thiah, and their Bets behind her,
On blundering mare, than beetle blinder.
And there's the Squire, too, with his lady—
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.
Moll, bring the Squire our great arm chair,
Good folks, we're glad to see you here.
Jotham, get the great case bottle,
Your teeth can pull its corn-cob stopple.
Ensign,—Deacon, never mind;
Squire, drink until your blind;
Come, here's the French—and Guillotine,
And here's good Squire Gallatin,
And here's each noisy Jacobin.
Here's friend Madison so hearty,
And here's confusion to the treaty.
Come, one more swig to southern Demos
Who represent our brother negroes.
Thus we drink and dance away,
This glorious Independence Day!



RANDOLPH'S WIT.—Once, after the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, had been speaking in Congress, several members rose in succession and attacked him. His reply was as witty as it was prompt.

"Sir," said he to the Speaker, "I am in the condition of old Lear—

"the little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart,
See — they bark at me."

DEIFICATIONS, OR MODERN LOVE DITTIES.

BY ISAAC STORY (PETER QUINCE). 1801.

Sammy to Susan.

YOUNG Tom is a sly, wicked dog;
He dresses so gay and so prim;
Has set all the girls so agog,
That efags, I'm a booby to him.

He so bustles about at a dance,
So towzels and teazes the misses,
That, dang me, 'f I get any chance,
To come in for my share of the kisses.

But then, why the deuce should I care,
Since Susan her Sammy admires;
Will comb ev'ry morning his hair,
And help him to kindle the fires.

My Susan's a fine topping jade,
As you ever saw cap'ring along;
She can dance a good jig, it is said,
And sing you a fine pretty song.

She is tall, and as straight as a pole;
As red and as white as a rose;
Her breath is so sweet—by my soul,
That I like to be tickling her nose.

Od, zounds, if she'd only but say,
That the parson shall make us but one;
We'd so kiss, snuggle up and close lay,
That Time like a racer would run.

SAMMY.

The Belost Courteous, or Susan to Sammy.

SWEET Sammy—O! that I could tell
How my heart bob'd up to my chin,
When father your verses did spell,
While I carded for mother to spin.

They made us so funny and gay,
We tangl'd a skein of good yarn;
The dog, he got up at the tray,
And car'd off a bone to the barn.

I wonder, now, what makes you think
Young Tom sets the lasses agog;
He's freckl'd and lean as a mink,
And snores too as loud as a hog.

Let him brag of his new leather breeches,
And cue, as long as a cane,
I'd rather have you without riches,
Than bundle with Tommy again.

My love is as sweet as a cake;
As strong as New England or Gin;
His flesh is as smooth as a snake,
His eyes are as bright as new tin.

His teeth are as sharp as a knife;
His hair is as black as a hat;
He can whistle and play on the fife,
And spring as sprigh as a cat.

If his love aint as cold as a stone,
He will marry his Susan to-morrow,
And not leave her so often alone,
To mope over ashes in sorrow.

SUSAN.

ANACREONTIC TO A PIG'S TAIL.

BY ISAAC STORY (PETER QUINCE). 1801.



LITTLE tail of little pig,
Once as merry as a grig;
Twisting up, and curling down,
When he grunted thro' the town;

Tho' by nature, well design'd,
Low to wave in form behind,
Strong to guard each needful port,
And to dabble in the dirt.

Thee, I hail—so sweet and fair,
Tip of gristle, root of hair,
Courting either stump or log,
When attack'd by spiteful dog;
Gradual less'ning as a cone,
With thy curling joints of bone;
Joints all grateful to the knife,
In the hour of deadly strife;
Knife of little roguish boy,
Who thee seizes for a toy—
When the butcher sad or grinning
Round thy suburbs falls to cleaning,
With his water smoking hot,
Lately boiling in a pot;
Pot which often did contain
Dinner costly, dinner plain;
Dinner from the land and water,
Turtle soup and bullock's quarter;
Lobster red as setting sun,
Duck destroy'd by faithful gun;

Side of sheep, joint of ram,
 Breast of veal, leg of lamb,
 Or a bit of oxen tripe;
 Or a partridge, or a snipe;
 Or a goose, or a widgeon;
 Or a turkey, or a pigeon.

But of all it did contain
 What invokes the muse's strain;
 A delicious sav'r'y soup,
 As was ever taken up;
 Form'd of pettitoes and tail
 Of animal that's known to squeal.
 Happy thrice, and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men;

Who, with tail of little pig,
 Thus can run a rhyming rig;
 As of Delia, or of Anna
 On the gentle banks of Banna,
 Bardlings write and maidens sing,
 Till with songs old cellars ring;
 Till each hillock, nole and alley
 Grows as vocal as the valley;
 And in inspiration's trance
 Oysters, clams, and muscles dance.
 Happy thrice, and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men;
 Who with tail of little pig,
 Thus can run a rhyming rig.

JACK AND GILL, A MOCK CRITICISM.

BY JOSEPH DENNIE. 1801.

Among critical writers, it is a common remark, that the fashion of the times has often given a temporary reputation to performances of very little merit, and neglected those much more deserving of applause. This circumstance renders it necessary that some person of sufficient sagacity to discover and to describe what is beautiful, and so impartial as to disregard vulgar prejudices, should guide the public taste, and raise merit from obscurity. Without arrogating to myself these qualities, I shall endeavor to introduce to the nation a work, which, though of considerable elegance, has been strangely overlooked by the generality of the world. The performance to which I allude, has never enjoyed that celebrity to which it is entitled, but it has of late fallen into disrepute, chiefly from the simplicity of its style, which in this age of luxurious refinement, is deemed only a secondary beauty, and from its being the favorite of the young, who can relish, without being able to illustrate, its excellence. I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to rescue from neglect this inimitable poem; for, whatever may be my diffidence, as I shall pursue the manner of the most eminent critics, it is scarcely possible to err. The fastidious reader will doubtless smile when he is informed that the work, thus highly praised, is a poem consisting only of four lines; but as there is no reason why a poet should be restricted in his number of verses, as it would be a very sad misfortune if every rhymers were obliged to write a long as well as a bad poem; and more particularly as these verses contain more beauties than we often find in a poem of four thousand, all objections to its brevity should cease. I must at the same time acknowledge that at first I doubted in what class of poetry it should be arranged. Its extreme shortness, and its uncommon metre, seemed to degrade it into a ballad, but its interesting subject, its unity of plan, and, above all, its having a beginning, middle, and an end, decide its claim to the epic rank. I shall now proceed with the candor, though not with the acuteness, of a good critic, to analyze and display its various excellences.

The opening of the poem is singularly beautiful:

Jack and Gill.

The first duty of the poet is to introduce his subject, and there is no part of poetry more difficult. We are told by the great critic of antiquity that we should avoid beginning "ab ovo," but go into

the business at once. Here our author is very happy: for instead of telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, who were the ancestors of Jack and Gill, that the grandfather of Jack was a respectable farmer, that his mother kept a tavern at the sign of the Blue Bear; and that Gill's father was a justice of the peace, (once of the quorum,) together with a catalogue of uncles and aunts, he introduces them to us at once in their proper persons. I cannot help accounting it, too, as a circumstance honorable to the genius of the poet, that he does not in his opening call upon the muse. This is an error into which Homer and almost all the epic writers after him have fallen; since by thus stating their case to the muse, and desiring her to come to their assistance, they necessarily presupposed that she was absent, whereas there can be no surer sign of inspiration than for a muse to come unasked. The choice, too, of names is not unworthy of consideration. It would doubtless have contributed to the splendor of the poem to have endowed the heroes with long and sounding titles, which, by dazzling the eyes of the reader, might prevent an examination of the work itself. These adventitious ornaments are justly disregarded by our author, who by giving us plain Jack and Gill has disdained to rely on extrinsic support. In the very choice of appellations he is, however, judicious. Had he, for instance, called the first character John, he might have given him more dignity, but he would not so well harmonize with his neighbor, to whom in the course of the work, it will appear he must necessarily be joined. I know it may be said, that the contraction of names savors too much of familiarity, and the lovers of proverbs may tell us that too much familiarity breeds contempt; the learned, too, may observe, that Prince Henry somewhere exclaims "Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bones;" and that the association of the two ideas detracts much from the respectability of the former. Disregarding these cavils, I cannot but remark that the lovers of abrupt openings, as in the Bard, must not deny their praise to the vivacity, with which Jack breaks in upon us.

The personages being now seen, their situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent line, when we are told,

Jack and Gill
 Went up a hill.

Here the imagery is distinct, yet the description

concise. We instantly figure to ourselves the two persons travelling up an ascent, which we may accommodate to our own ideas of declivity, barrenness, rockiness, sandiness, etc., all which, as they exercise the imagination, are beauties of a high order. The reader will pardon my presumption, if I here attempt to broach a new principle which no critic, with whom I am acquainted, has ever mentioned. It is this, that poetic beauties may be divided into *negative* and *positive*, the former consisting of mere absence of fault, the latter in the presence of excellence; the first of an inferior order, but requiring considerable critical acumen to discover them, the latter of a higher rank, but obvious to the meanest capacity. To apply the principle in this case, the poet meant to inform us that two persons were going up a hill. Now the act of going up a hill, although Locke would pronounce it a very complex idea comprehending person, rising ground, trees, etc., etc., is an operation so simple as to need no description. Had the poet, therefore, told us how the two heroes went up, whether in a cart or a wagon, and entered into the thousand particulars which the subject involves, they would have been tedious, because superfluous. The omission of these little incidents, and telling us simply that they went up the hill, no matter how, is a very high negative beauty. These considerations may furnish us with the means of deciding a controversy, arising from a variation in the manuscripts; some of which have it a hill, and others *the hill*, for as the description is in no other part local, I incline to the former reading. It has, indeed, been suggested that the hill here mentioned was Parnassus, and that the two persons are two poets, who, having overloaded Pegasus, the poor jaded creature was obliged to stop at the foot of the hill, whilst they ascended for water to recruit him. This interpretation, it is true, derives some countenance from the consideration that Jack and Gill were in reality, as will appear in the course of the poem, going to draw water, and that there was such a place as Hippocrene, that is a *horsepond*, at the top of the hill; but, on the whole, I think the text, as I have adopted it, to be the better reading.

Having ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive into their employment, and wishes to know whether their occupation is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines; for

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill
To fetch a bucket of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding, a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pylades and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other in their labors, gaily ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit, and to fill their bucket. Here, too, is a new elegance. Our acute author could not but observe the necessity of machinery, which has been so much commended by critics, and admired by readers. Instead, however, of introducing a host of gods and goddesses, who might have only impeded the journey of his heroes, by the intervention of the bucket, which is, as it ought to be, simple and conducive to the progress of the poem, he has considerably improved on the ancient plan. In the management

of it also he has shown much judgment, by making the influence of the machinery and the subject reciprocal: for while the utensil carries on the heroes, it is itself carried on by them. In this part, too, we have a deficiency supplied, to wit, the knowledge of their relationship, which as it would have encumbered the opening, was reserved for this place. Even now there is some uncertainty whether they were related by the ties of consanguinity; but we may rest assured they were friends, for they did join in carrying the instrument; they must, from their proximity of situation, have been amicably disposed, and if one alone carried the utensil, it exhibits an amiable assumption of the whole labor. The only objection to this opinion is an old adage, "*Bonus dux bonum facit militem*," which has been translated "*A good Jack makes a good Gill*," thereby intimating a superiority in the former. If such was the case, it seems the poet wished to show his hero in retirement, and convince the world, that, however illustrious he might be, he did not despise manual labor. It has also been objected, (for every Homer has his Zoilus,) that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry; but, in answer to this, it must be remarked, that it was the opinion of Socrates, and many other philosophers, that beauty should be estimated by utility, and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water, and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the Iliad, or roving on the ocean, and invading other men's property, as did the pious Æneas. Yes! they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of the harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil, and to revive the drooping plants, which they raised by their labors. Is not our author more judicious than Apollonius, who chooses for the heroes of his Argonautics a set of rascals, undertaking to steal a sheep skin? And, if dignity is to be considered, is not drawing water a circumstance highly characteristic of antiquity? Do we not find the amiable Rebecca busy at the well—does not one of the maidens in the Odyssey delight us by her diligence in the same situation? and has not a learned Dean proved that it was quite fashionable in Peloponnesus?—Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks. But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed, but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down—

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step, his centre of gravity, as philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not, however, appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by too immediate a disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless, that his fall is an accident to which the wayfarers of this life are

daily liable, and we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labors. But how are we deceived by the heart-rending tale, that

Jack fell down
And broke his crown—

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy John. The mention of the *croûn* has much perplexed the commentators. The learned Microphilus, in the 513th page of his "Cur-sory Remarks" on the poem, thinks he can find in it some allusion to the story of Alfred, who, he says, is known to have lived during his concealment in a mountainous country, and as he watched the cakes on the fire, might have been sent to bring water. But his acute annotator, Vandergruten, has detected the fallacy of such a supposition, though he falls into an equal error in remarking that Jack might have carried a crown or a half crown in his hand, which was fractured in the fall. My learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing that as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and as that part is, or without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer might have been, the heaviest, it was really his pericranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we were anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

And Gill came tumbling after.

Here the distress thickens on us. Unable to support the loss of his friend, he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved, that as they had gone up together, they should not be separated as they came down.*

In the midst of our afflictions, let us not, however, be unmindful of the poet's merit, which, on this occasion, is conspicuous. He evidently seems to have in view the excellent observation of Adam Smith, that our sympathy arises not from a view of the passion, but of the situation which excites it. Instead of unnecessary lamentation, he gives us the real state of the case; avoiding, at the same time, that minuteness of detail, which is so common among pathetic poets, and which, by dividing a passion, and tearing it to rags, as Shakspeare says, destroys its force. Thus, when Cowley tells us, that his mistress shed tears enough to save the world if it had been on fire, we immediately think of a house on fire, ladders, engines, crowds of people, and other circumstances, which drive away every thing like feeling; when Pierre is describing the legal plunder of Jaffier's house, our attention is diverted from the misery of Belvidera to the goods

and chattels of him the said Jaffier: but in the poem before us, the author has just hit the dividing line between the extreme conciseness which might conceal necessary circumstances, and the prolixity of narration, which would introduce immaterial ones. So happy, indeed, is the account of Jack's destruction, that had a physician been present, and informed us of the exact place of the skull which received the hurt, whether it was the occipitis, or which of the ossa bregmatis that was fractured, or what part of the lambdoidal suture was the point of injury, we could not have a clearer idea of his misfortune. Of the bucket we are told nothing, but as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery, unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description. Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along, and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion, with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and dispersed, with the blood which must have flowed from John's head, and we will witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly "echoes to the sense,"

Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

The quick succession of movements is indicated by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables, and in the last line Gill rolls with a greater sprightliness and vivacity, than even the stone of Sisyphus.

Having expatiated so largely on its particular merits, let us conclude by a brief review of its most prominent beauties. The subject is the *fall of men*, a subject, high, interesting, worthy of a poet: the heroes, men who do not commit a single fault, and whose misfortunes are to be imputed, not to indiscretion, but to destiny. To the illustration of this subject, every part of the poem conduces. Attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incidents, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination, and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral, too, that part without which poetry is useless sound, has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the *instability* of all things!

MOREAU'S MISTAKE.—When Gen. Moreau, who forsook the colors of Napoleon, and was afterwards killed, fighting against his former commander, in Germany, was in the city of Boston, he was much courted and sought after as a lion of the first quality. On one oc-

casion he was invited to Cambridge to attend the commencement exercises. In the course of the day, a musical society of undergraduates sang a then very popular ode, the chorus of which was "To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow." Moreau, who was imperfectly acquainted with our language, fancied they were complimenting him, and at every recurrence of the burden, which he interpreted, "To Moreau, to Moreau, to Moreau," he rose and bowed gracefully to the singers' gallery, pressing his laced chapeau to his heart. We can easily imagine the amusement of the spectators who were in the secret, and the mortification of the Frenchman when he discovered his mistake.

* There is something so tenderly querimonious in the silent grief and devotion of Gill, something which so reminds us of the soft complaint of the hapless sister of Dido, that it must delight every classical reader.

Comitemne sororem
Sprevisti moriens? Eadem me ad fata vocasses;
Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset.

EULOGY ON LAUGHING.

Delivered at an Exhibition by a Young Lady.

BY JONATHAN MITCHEL SEWALL. 1801.

LIKE merry Momus, while the gods were quaffing,
I come—to give an Eulogy on Laughing!
True, courtly Chesterfield, with critic zeal,
Asserts that laughing 's vastly ungenteel!
The boist'rous shake, he says, distorts fine faces,
And robs each pretty feature of the graces!
But yet this paragon of perfect taste,
On other topics was not over-chaste;
He like the Pharisees in this appears,
They ruin'd widows, but they made long pray'rs.
Tithes, anise, mint, they zealously affected:
But the law's weightier matters they neglected;
And while an insect strains their squeamish caul,
Down goes a monstrous camel—bunch and all!

Yet others, quite as sage, with warmth dispute
Man's risibles distinguish him from brute;
While instinct, reason, both in common own,
To laugh is man's prerogative alone!

Hail, rosy laughter, thou deserv'st the bays!
Come, with thy dimples, animate these lays,
Whilst universal peals attest thy praise.
Daughter of Joy! thro' thee we health attain,
When Esculapian recipes are vain.

Let sentimentalists ring in our ears
The tender joy of grief—the luxury of tears—
Heraclitus may whine—and oh! and ah!—
I like an honest, hearty, ha, hah, hah!
It makes the wheels of nature glibbler play:
Dull care suppresses; smooths life's thorny way;
Propels the dancing current thro' each vein;
Braces the nerves; corroborates the brain;
Shakes ev'ry muscle, and throws off the spleen.

Old Homer makes yon tenants of the skies,
His gods, love laughing as they did their eyes!
It kept them in good humor, hush'd their squabbles,
As froward children are appeas'd by baubles;
E'en Jove the thund'rer dearly lov'd a laugh,
When, of fine nectar, he had ta'en a quaff!
It helps digestion when the feast runs high,
And dissipates the fumes of potent Burgundy.

But, in the main, tho' laughing I approve,
It is not ev'ry kind of laugh I love;
For many laughs e'en candor must condemn!
Some are too full of acid, some of phlegm;
The loud horse-laugh (improperly so styl'd),
The idiot simper, like the slumb'ring child,
Th' affected laugh, to show a dimpled chin,
The sneer contemptuous, and broad vacant grin,
Are despicable all, as Strephon's smile,
To show his ivory legions, rank and file.

The honest laugh, unstudied, unacquir'd,
By nature prompted, and true wit inspired,
Such as Quin felt, and Falstaff knew before,
When humor set the table on a roar;
Alone deserves th' applauding muse's grace!
The rest—is all contortion and grimace.
But you exclaim, "Your Eulogy 's too dry;
Leave dissertation and exemplify!

Prove, by experiment, your maxims true;
And, what you praise so highly, make us do."

In truth I hop'd this was already done,
And Mirth and Momus had the laurel won!
Like honest Hodge, unhappy should I fail,
Who to a crowded audience told his tale,
And laugh'd and snigger'd all the while himself
To grace the story, as he thought, poor elf!
But not a single soul his suffrage gave—

While each long phiz was serious as the grave!
Laugh! laugh! cries Hodge, laugh loud! (*no halting*.)

I thought you all, ere this, would die with laughing!
This did the feat; for, tickled at the whim,
A burst of laughter, like the electric beam,
Shook all the audience—but it was at *him*!
Like Hodge should ev'ry stratagem and wile
Thro' my long story, not excite a smile,
I'll bear it with becoming modesty;
But should my feeble efforts move your glee,
Laugh, if you fairly can—but not at ME!

TABITHA TOWZER.

BY THOMAS G. FESSENDEN. 1806.

Miss Tabitha Towzer is fair,
No guineapig ever was neater;
Like a hakmatak slender and spare,
And sweet as a musk-squash or sweeter.

Miss Tabitha Towzer is sleek,
When dress'd in her pretty new tucker,
Like an otter that paddles the creek,
In quest of a mud-pout or sucker.

Her forehead is smooth as a tray,
Ah! smoother than that on my soul,
And turned, as a body may say,
Like a delicate neat wooden bowl.

To what shall I liken her hair,
As straight as a carpenter's line,
For similes sure must be rare,
When we speak of a nymph so divine.

Not the head of a Nazarite seer,
That never was shaven or shorn,
Nought equals the locks of my dear,
But the silk of an ear of green corn.

My dear has a beautiful nose,
With a sled-runner crook in the middle,
Which one would be led to suppose
Was meant for the head of a fiddle.

Miss Tabby has two pretty eyes,
Glass buttons show never so bright;
Their love-lighted lustre outvies
The lightning-bug's twinkle by night.

And oft with a magical glance,
She makes in my bosom a poetry,
When leering politely askance,
She shuts one and winks with the other.

The lips of my charmer are sweet,
As a hog'shead of maple molasses;
And the ruby-red tint of her cheek
The gill of a salmon surpasses.

No teeth like hers ever were seen,
Nor ever described in a novel;
Of a beautiful kind of pea-green,
And shaped like a wooden-shod shovel.

Her fine little ears you would judge,
Were wings of a bat in perfection;
A dollar I never should grudge
To put them in Peale's grand collection.

Description must fail in her chin;
At least till our language is richer;
Much fairer than ladle of tin,
Or beautiful brown earthen pitcher.

So pretty a neck, I'll be bound,
Never join'd head and body together,
Like nice crook'd-neck'd squash on the ground,
Long whiten'd by winter-like weather.

Should I set forth the rest of her charms,
I might, by some phrase that's improper,
Give modesty's bosom alarms,
Which I wouldn't do for a copper.

Should I mention her gait or her air,
You might think I intended to banter;
She moves with more grace you would swear,
Than a founder'd horse forc'd to a canter.

She sang with a beautiful voice,
Which ravish'd you out of your senses;
A pig will make just such a noise
When his hind leg stuck fast in the fence is.



THE PAINT KING.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON. 1813.

FAIR Ellen was long the delight of the young,
No damsel could with her compare;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the
tongue,
And bards without number in ecstasies sung,
The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid; and though legions advanc'd,
All drill'd by Ovidean art,
And languish'd, and ogled, protested and danc'd,
Like shadows they came, and like shadows they
glanc'd
From the hard polish'd ice of her heart.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
A something that could not be found;
Like a sailor she seem'd on a desolate shore,
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but the roar
Of breakers high dashing around.

From object to object still, still would she veer,
Though nothing, alas, could she find;
Like the moon, without atmosphere, brilliant and
clear,
Yet doom'd, like the moon, with no being to cheer
The bright barren waste of her mind.

But rather than sit like a statue so still,
When the rain made her mansion a *pound*,
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a woodpecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement inclin'd,
Pass'd a youth, with a frame in his hand.
The casement she clos'd—not the eye of her mind;
For, do all she could, no, she could not be blind;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"Ah, what can he do," said the languishing maid,
"Ah, what with that frame can he do?"
And she knelt to the Goddess of Secrets and pray'd,
When the youth pass'd again, and again he display'd
The frame and the picture to view.

"Oh, beautiful picture!" the fair Ellen cried,
"I must see thee again or I die."
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth and the picture she hied,
When the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he (and he chuckled the while,)
"This picture I see you admire:
Then take it, I pray you, perhaps 'twill beguile
Some moments of sorrow; (nay, pardon my smile,)
Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift, with delight and surprise,
From the cunning young stripling receiv'd,
But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes,
When sparkling with rapture they gaz'd on her
prize—
Thus, alas, are fair maidens deceiv'd!

'Twas a youth o'er the form of a statue inclin'd,
And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone;
Yet he languish'd as tho' for its beauty he pin'd,
And gaz'd as the eyes of the statue so blind
Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor Pygmalion of old;
Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd;
"Ah, could'st thou but lift from that marble so
cold,
Thine eyes too imploring, thy arms should unfold,
And press me this day as thy bride."

She said: when, behold, from the canvas arose
The youth, and he stepp'd from the frame:
With a furious transport his arms did enclose
The love-plighted Ellen: and clasping, he froze
The blood of the maid with his flame!

"Oh, mercy!" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his arms,
But the PAINT-KING, he scoff'd at her pain.
"Prithee, love," said the monster, "what mean these
alarms?"

She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms,
That work her to horror again.

She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes
Behold the fair youth she would woo;
Now appears the PAINT-KING in his natural guise;
His face, like a palette of villainous dies,
Black and white, red, and yellow, and blue.

On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied,
Sat the fiend, like the grim Giant Gog,
While aloft to his mouth a huge pipe he applied,
Twice as big as the Eddystone Lighthouse, descried
As it looms through an easterly fog.



She turn'd and beheld on each shoulder a wing,
"Oh, heaven!" cried she, "who art thou?"
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer
ring,
As frowning, he thunder'd "I am the PAINT-KING!
And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
The loud-screaming maid like a blast;
And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,
While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully
drift

To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
With an eddying whirl he descends;
The air all below him become's black as night,
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with
affright,
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the Fiend, and he thundering
knock'd

At the gates of a mountainous cave;
The gates open flew, as by magic unlock'd,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro,
rock'd
Like an island of ice on the wave..

And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were seen,
In horrid festoons on the wall,
Legs and arms, heads and bodies emerging between,
Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney
Bean,
By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the Damsel, and fell at his feet,
"Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"
"Oh, no!" said the fiend, while he sprang from his
seat,
"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;
Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,
An oil jug he plung'd her within.
Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of de-
spair,
Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,
All covered with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth on a huge sable stone
Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;
With a rock for his muller he crush'd every bone,
But, though ground to jelly, still, still did she
groan;
For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care
 Each tint on its surface he spread;
 The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
 And the pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,
 And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

Then stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
 "Now I brave, cruel Fairy, thy scorn!"
 When lo! from a chasm wide-yawning there came
 A light tiny chariot of rose-color'd flame,
 By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthron'd in the midst on an emerald bright,
 Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
 Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,
 And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
 And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In an accent that stole on the still charmed air
 Like the first gentle language of Eve,
 Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair:
 "I come at thy call, but, oh Paint-King, beware,
 Beware if again you deceive."

"'Tis true," said the monster, "thou queen of my
 heart,
 Thy portrait I oft have essay'd;
 Yet ne'er to the canvas could I with my art
 The least of thy wonderful beauties impart;
 And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear by the light of the Comet-King's
 tail!"
 And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,
 "If again with these magical colors I fail,
 The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
 And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

"But if I succeed, then, oh, fair Geraldine!
 Thy promise with justice I claim,
 And thou, queen of Fairies, shalt ever be mine,
 The bride of my bed; and thy portrait divine
 Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake; when, behold the fair Geraldine's form
 On the canvas enchantingly glow'd;
 His touches—they flew like the leaves in a storm;
 And the pure pearly white and the carnation warm
 Contending in harmony flow'd.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem
 To the figure of Geraldine fair:
 With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
 Each muscle, each feature; in short not a gleam
 Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'Twas the Fairy herself! but, alas, her blue eyes
 Still a pupil did ruefully lack;
 And who shall describe the terrific surprise
 That seiz'd the PAINT-KING when, behold, he
 descries
 Not a speck on his palette of black!

"I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he shook like a
 leaf;
 When, casting his eyes to the ground,
 He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
 In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
 Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he fell like a
 stone;
 Then, rising, the Fairy in ire
 With the touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,
 (While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan,)
 And she swelled to a column of fire.

Her spear now a thunder-bolt flash'd in the air,
 And sulphur the vault fill'd around:
 She smote the grim monster; and now by the hair
 High-lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless despair
 Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then over the picture thrice waving her spear,
 "Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
 When, behold, from the canvas descending, appear
 Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than e'er,
 With grace more than ever divine!

LUNAR STANZAS.

BY HENRY COGSWELL KNIGHT. 1815.

NIGHT saw the crew, like peddlers with their packs,
 Altho' it were too dear to pay for eggs;
 Walk crank along, with coffin on their backs,
 While in their arms they bow their weary legs.

And yet 'twas strange, and scarce can one suppose,
 That a brown buzzard-fly should steal, and wear
 His white jean breeches, and black woollen hose,
 But thence that flies have souls is very clear.

But, holy Father! what shall save the soul,
 When cobblers ask three dollars for their shoes?
 When cooks their biscuits with a shot-tower roll,
 And farmers rake their hay-cocks with their hoes?

Yet 'twere profuse, to see for pendant light,
 A tea-pot dangle in a lady's ear:

And 'twere indelicate, although she might,
 Swallow two whales, and yet the moon shine clear.

But what to me are woven clouds? or what,
 If dames from spiders learn to warp their looms?
 If coal-black ghosts turn soldiers for the state,
 With wooden eyes, and lightning-rods for plumes?

Oh! too, too shocking! barbarous, savage taste!
 To eat one's mother, ere itself was born!
 And gripe the tall town-steeple by the waste,
 And scoop it out to be his drinking horn.

No more! no more! I'm sick, and dead, and gone;
 Box'd in a coffin: stifled six feet deep;
 Thorns, fat and fearless, prick my skin and bone,
 And revel o'er me, like a soulless sheep.

BETTER WALK THAN RIDE.

BY HENRY C. KNIGHT. 1815.

Spabined Sapphicks.

Lo! how much grander for a human being,
When he would journey, never to demean him—
—Self with a horse or carriage, but to leg it
Free from all cumbrance.

Sure, 'tis a folly, humble degradation,
For a strong biped, muscular, and nervous,
Tied to a horse-tail, in a creaking coach to
Drag on dependent.

"But it is quicker—it is less fatiguing ;"
True, these are reasons, when the knees are gouty,
Or, one would flee that bashful man the sheriff,
Or, from the small pox.

And, let a doctor, or a country parson,
Stride like dividers, spurring like a Sambo,
When one is qualmish with the pangs of nature,
Or, with a neck broke.

But for a tourist, sketching what his eyes see ;
But for a scholar, musing as he mopes on ;
Just as well, better, pleasanter and safer,
For them to foot it.

That we have two legs, evident to all 'tis,
Who are not maimed : and if any doubt it,
Let him his own count, and if he deny it,
Best learn to cipher.

Well then, these legs were given us to walk with ;
Nothing more true is to a man of science ;
For all the joints are fitted to this purpose,
Supple, and firm too.

Then never tell me more of fleetest horses,
Chariots and tandems—rather boots or shoes on.
Take up your staff, and free and philosophic,
Ride on your own feet.

Cease now, Miss Musey, spitting out your sapphicks :
Go, for I hate ye preaching 'bout your plodding ;
Give me a coach, and dappled pair of geldings—
You may ride shank's mare.

ESSAY ON POSTURES.

BY DOCTOR SAMUEL GILMAN. 1817.

"*Sedent spectentque.*"—VIRG.

"In most strange postures we have seen him set himself."—SHAKESPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,—Among the many ingredients which go to form the complete scholar, all must allow *posture* to be quite pre-eminent. He would deserve a sneer for his pretensions, who affected the literary character whilst at the same time he was ignorant of the rare and difficult accomplishment of sitting with his feet against the wall at a higher level than his head, or leaning in due contemplative style upon his elbow. But the subject has unfortunately never been reduced to a science. How is it, sir, that the motions of the stars, for centuries to come, have been nicely adjusted to the fraction of a second,—that metals, and alkalies, and gases, have been classed and systematized,—that the operations of the mind have been analyzed and developed,—that anatomy, even anatomy, that kindred department, has left almost no region of its own unexplored,—whilst the far more domestic, human, useful, and every-day business of postures has remained unnoticed and forgotten? To remove this scandal to science is the object of the few humble pages following. The author will be satisfied if he but excite attention to the subject, and will gladly leave the consummation of his attempt to greater adepts in attitude than himself.

Posture, sir, in its most general sense, may be defined, a modification of the body and limbs, for the purpose either of ease or show. It may be divided into standing, kneeling, lying down, and sitting. The first belongs chiefly to the arts of dancing-masters and drill-sergeants; the second, to love and devotion; the third, to ladies of fashion and delicate valetudinarians; it is the fourth and last only which now claims our attention, and that,

principally, so far as it respects the sedentary class of people, called scholars. We shall enumerate the several varieties of sitting postures, describing them as exactly as possible, and dwelling on the peculiar advantages which they possess with the quiet votaries of literature.

First. The most universal, easy, and gentleman-like is denominated the *cross-kneed* posture. All ranks, classes, and ages of males, together with some individuals of the other sex, cultivate this attitude with very happy success. It is no uncommon thing to see as many as sixteen or seventeen in a company, who, throughout an entire evening, most patiently and heroically persevere in this inoffensive mode of arranging the nether limbs. The child of three years of age adopts it among the first imitative accomplishments which excite the joy and admiration of his parents. The aspiring school-boy, by piling one knee upon another, adds a year to his existence, and bodies forth the dignity of the future man. The youth who is just entering the world, who has a letter of introduction to Mr. ——— of Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, would be put to infinite embarrassment if the privilege of crossing his knees were denied him. But without going through every age for the illustration of this division of our subject, I proceed to observe, that the cross-kneed posture is not to be adopted by all persons, at all times, and on all occasions. It is much too nice and trim for every-day use. I know many a respectable farmer who will never sit in this fashion except in his best suit, on a Sunday, or at a board of selectmen, or at the examination of a district school, or

when visiting an acquaintance in town. What, sit cross-kneed and erect in a plain frock and trousers, and on a common working-day! Why, sir, it would be as preposterous and uncommon, as to read the Bible on a Monday, or to fix one's thoughts and eyes during the offering up of prayers on a Sabbath.

But this part of our subject is susceptible of a few subdivisions. Of cross-kneed postures there are five kinds:—1. The *natural*, which consists in throwing one knee over the other, and thinking no more about it. This is by far the best, and ought to be recommended universally to your readers. 2. The *broad-calfed*, which is effected by turning the upper knee out in such a manner, as to present as large a face of the inner calf as possible. This was very much in fashion nineteen years ago, but has since that time gradually subsided, and is practised, I believe, at present, only by those who love the fashions of their youth, and a few country gentlemen in nankeen pantaloons. 3. The *long-legged*, so called, because this posture requires the foot of the upper leg to reach quite down to the floor. It was attempted to be brought into fashion about ten years ago, but it could not succeed, in consequence of the shortness of the limbs of some gentlemen in high ton at that time. It is nevertheless a graceful and elegant posture, and may be practised by your readers, for variety's sake, and with considerable ease, if they will but remember to draw the foot of the under leg in an oblique, retrograde direction, giving the upper an opportunity to descend and meet the floor. I have seen it employed with much execution at tea-parties and morning calls, but it is too much of a *dress* thing to be used on common occasions. 4. The *awkward*. This consists in bringing the upper leg round, and locking it behind the other. Persons of absent habits, or of indifferent breeding, use this posture in company. In private, it is employed when a man gets a little nervous, and is besides almost always assumed unconsciously, when one is engaged in a deep mathematical investigation. Hence, great mathematicians, with some splendid exceptions, are rarely exempt from

the habit of sitting in this mode. Lastly. The *bow-sprit* posture. This your fashionable, juvenile readers will recognize to be the one which is at present universally in vogue. It consists in extending out the leg as far and as high as the muscle can bear. Two or three years since, our boot-manufacturers—(*shoemakers* is a word quite out of date)—very kindly assisted this posture by stiffening the instep of the boot, so that the style in question could be properly preserved without much painful tension.

I am strongly inclined to believe, that the bow-sprit posture was adopted in this country out of compliment to our gallant seamen. It is at present used by about one half of the gentlemen you meet; but so far as my observation extends, appears (probably in consequence of the peace) to be somewhat on the decline.

I would remark, by the way, that the cross-kneed posture is now almost out of use with the other sex. There was indeed an attempt, about five or six years since, to get up the fashion among ladies of adopting this posture, and at the same time of bending over the upper foot, so as to make it form a crescent. She whose foot could describe the most complete curve was envied and admired by all her competitors. But alas! Mr. Editor, there are but few persons whose feet are sufficiently flexible to enable them to shine in this accomplishment. And so it was dropped. Out of a company of twenty-five ladies whom a friend of mine reconnoitred the other evening at a tea-party, twenty-one sat with their feet parallel and together; two, a matron, somewhat advanced, and a maiden lady, whose old associations of gentility induced them so to sit, were found in the cross-kneed predicament; and the remaining two, being the youngest of the whole company, had drawn their feet under their chairs, and crossed them there.

But we have too long deferred the more immediate object of this essay, which is to show the connection between posture and literature. At what times, and on what occasions, shall the cross-kneed posture be adopted by the decorous and conscientious scholar? In the first place, let him be



sure immediately to assume it on the entrance of a stranger into his study. It is almost as great a mark of ill-breeding to use any other mode of sitting on such an occasion, as it would be to hold your book still open in your hand. I own, that no posture in which you can sit conveys quite so barbarous a hint to your poor visitant as the holding of your book open, which I regret to say, is sometimes unthinkingly indulged in by scholars, who would be sorry not to be thought gentlemen. But, sir, let me repeat it, the cross-kneed is the posture in which to receive a visitor with whom you are not on terms of considerable intimacy. It gives you time to collect your ideas; it tacitly informs your visitor that he is of consequence enough in your eyes for you to think about the position of your limbs; it thereby conciliates his good feelings, and induces him civilly to present before your face a similar example. When you are thus both seated according to due form and manner, you may interchange thoughts with much facility and effect. But be sure not to abandon the cross-kneed posture till the end of the first half-hour. After that period, you may venture your feet out, and lean back in your chair. By the end of the second half-hour, you may put your feet over the fire-place, and if your visitor stay two hours, and be somewhat tedious and unprofitable, contrive by all means to get a table between you, and thrust your feet up into his face. Time is valuable, inasmuch that the saving of it is one of those few instances where the end sanctifies the means. It often is not enough to pull out your watch,—not enough to sit ten minutes without saying a word to your companion, or even looking at him,—not enough to glance every two minutes at your study-table; no, sir, the only method often which is efficacious is the attitude I have just mentioned, which may be called the assault-and-battery posture, and which exhibits a new and fair illustration of the importance of our subject to the man of letters.

In the second place, let the votary of literature adopt the cross-kneed style in general company. The great advantage of it there is, that it saves him from a thousand ungraceful attitudes, and strange crookednesses, which savor too decidedly of the study, and into which he will be apt almost inevitably to slide, if he ventures beyond the sheltering precincts of the cross-knee. It has too long been the reproach of the scholar, that he behaves like nobody else. For mercy's sake, then, Mr. Editor, since *everybody else* behaves so very well, let us act like them. Let us not bring a reproach upon our profession, and render a life of letters unpopular, by our manner of sitting. A few sacrifices of this nature will cost us no very tremendous effort, and may be of incalculable service to the cause of literature and science.

In the third place, the style in question is to be assumed amidst all kinds of plain reading, where but little attention and study are required. Indeed, so appropriate is it on these occasions, that scholars might very pardonably denominate it the *belles-lettres* posture. How delicious, Mr. Editor, when you have brought the Edinburgh or the Quarterly, and for my own part, let me add, too, the North American, from the bookseller's, all new

and fresh as is the month of May,

to take your ivory knife in the right hand, your Review in the left, your cigar, if you please, in your

mouth, and at a window, on which the rays of the setting sun are richly, softly falling, and a western breeze is luxuriously blowing, to sit—how? Unworthy he of all these invaluable blessings, who takes any other posture at first than the true belles-lettres-cross-kneed. Or, when, in the society of friends, you read aloud the adventures of Conrad, Roderick, or Robert Bruce, or in imagination range through old Scotland with the author of the *Antiquary*, or visit England, France, Italy, and Greece with modern travellers,—whilst you gracefully hold the book with a wide-spread hand, your thumb and little finger pressing on the leaves to prevent them from closing, your middle finger propping the back, and the other two faithfully employed each to support a separate cover of the book,—do not fail to complete the elegant scene by adjusting one knee above the other in the manner worthy of your employment. Take, generally, this posture, moreover, when you read history,—when you snatch up the *Spectator* or *Mirror* to save the odds and ends of your precious time,—when you are reading letters from persons with whom you are not intimately acquainted, (posture not being to be thought of in perusing the epistles of your much valued friends,) and on all occasions, in short, when your mind only goes out to gather ideas, copiously, easily, freely. So much for this posture, sir, on which I would gladly write pages and pages more, if some other classes did not press upon me with strong claims for consideration.

Secondly. Next to the cross-kneed, that which is most appropriate to secluded, literary characters is the *parieto-pedal* posture. This consists, as will be seen at once from the etymology of the term, in fixing the feet against the wall. This posture was instituted for the relief of literary limbs. However valuable, indispensable, and gentlemanlike may be the cross-kneed, it would be fatiguing and unhealthy always to conform the body strictly to its rules. For this reason, allow the feet of your readers occasionally to make the delicious and grateful transition from the floor to the wall; with this strict proviso, to be transgressed on no condition whatever, that they never shall so sit in the presence of a being of the gentler sex. And here let me expatiate, *parieto-pedal* posture, in thy praise! At this very moment, while I am assuming thee in languid luxury, holding in my hand a Horace, which is prevented from closing only by my forefinger, unconsciously placed on *Otium Divos*,—here, as, in a direction parallel to the horizon, I station my feet against the wainscot, and, leaning back my chair, fall sweetly and quietly into a rocking, which is more gentle than the cradle-vibrations of half-sleeping infancy,—here let me ponder on all thy excellency. I feel thy influence extending through my frame. I am brought into a new world; the objects around me assume sidelong positions; the trains of my ideas are quickened; the blood rushes back, and warms my heart; a literary enthusiasm comes over me; my faculty of application grows more intense; and whatever be the book which I next reach from the table, I find my interest in its contents redoubled, my power of overcoming its difficulties increased, and altogether my capacity of gaining knowledge incalculably enlarged and extended. Mild, and easy, and lovely posture! Let the votary of decorum stigmatize thee as awkward and half indecent; let the physician reproach thee as unnatural and unwholesome; let indigestion,

with bleeding at the nose, and personal deformity, shake their hideous fists of threatening out of the mists of the future;—still will I lounge with thee; still shall every room where I reside bear marks of thee, whether they be deep indentations in the floor, occasioned by my backward-swinging chair, or blacker and more triumphant insignia impressed by my shoes upon the wall. Be thou my shelter from the spleen of vexatious housewives, and the harassing formality of ceremony; soothe my full-fed afternoons; inspire my dyspeptical dreams, and let my last fatal apoplexy be with thee.

Thirdly. We come now to the favorite posture of all severe and laborious students! It is simple, picturesque, characteristic. Place your elbow on the table, prop one of your temples with your knuckles, and, if it be excusable to introduce features into this subject, (though I have another treatise partly finished, upon literary tricks,) let a slight knitting of the brow take place between your eyes, and you are at once—I will unhesitatingly hazard the assertion—in that position in which Aristotle discovered the categories; in which Pythagoras investigated the properties of the right-angled triangle, and Locke defined infinity; in which Newton balanced the world, Copernicus, like another Joshua, made the sun stand still, and La Place deduced the great motions of our system; in which Bacon sat, while turning the whole course of science, as a pilot turns the course of a ship; in which Stewart was seated, when he detected the error of the French philosophers, and proved that there must be something besides the power of sensation, which is able to compare one sensation with another; in which Bentham unfolded the true principles of legislation, and Berkeley devised the theory of acquired vision; in which Eichhorn made his researches into Genesis, and Paley his into the Epistles;—a posture, in short, in which the greatest energies of intellect have ever been put forth, and by the efficacy of which alone, assure your young readers, they can hope for eminence, or look for almost indefinite advances towards the future perfectibility of our race. Its name is the *delving*.

Fourthly. Now, Mr. Editor, let your *elbow* remain precisely where it was in the last posture; but instead of knitting your brow, and fixing your eyes on the table, let your head turn round, till your open hand is upon the *sinciput*; let your forehead be smooth, as the sleeping surface of a lake; let your eyes be rolling on vacancy, and, *presto!* you are fixed at once in the genuine *attitude poetical*. It is this posture alone which Shakspeare had in his mind, nay, in which Shakspeare must have sat, when he described the fine frenzy of the poet, whose eye glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. It was this posture in which the most interesting portrait of Pope was executed, that has descended to our times. So sat he, I will hazard every poet in my library, when he penned this line,

And look through Nature up to Nature's God.

So sat Milton, when he described

Those thoughts that wander through eternity.

In this posture must Goldsmith,

where Alpine solitudes ascend,
Have sat him down a pensive hour to spend,
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Looked downward, where a hundred realms appear, etc.

It could be only while thus leaning and thus look-

ing, that Chaucer used to scatter through his poems innumerable refreshing descriptions of those vernal seasons,

When that Phœbus his chair of gold so hie
Had whirled up the sterrie sky aloft,
And in the Bole * was entred certainly,
When shouris sote † of rain descended soft,
Causing the ground, felé ‡ times and oft,
Up for to give many an wholesome air,
And every plaine was yclothed faire, etc.

What other attitude could our contemporary Campbell have taken, when he leaped in imagination up to those glorious heights on our side of the Atlantic,

Where at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam?

In what other posture could the chaste Tasso have placed himself, when he addressed to the Muse of Christianity that invocation, of which you will excuse the following imperfect version?

O Muse! not thou, whose meener brows desire
The fading growth of laurelled Helicon,
But thou, that chant'st amid the blessed choir,
Which pours sweet music round the heavenly throne!
Breathe thou into my breast celestial fire;
O smile, and not thy votary disown,
If truth with flowers I weave, and deck my song
With other graces than to thee belong.

Byron must have sat in this posture, in some cold midnight, when he dreamt his dream of darkness; and Southey must have persisted in the same attitude through a whole vernal season, when he wrote his *Thalaba*.

So sat Homer and Scott in the conception of their battles.

So sat Virgil and Leigh Hunt in the imagination of their sceneries.

Wordsworth must have arranged his corporeity in the very quintessence of the poetical posture, when he sketched the following outline of his *Recluse*:

For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep; and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.

So sat his neighbor Wilson, when he described the stream, half-veiled in snowy vapor, which flowed

With sound like silence, motion like repose

or the duteous daughter in the sick chamber of her mother,—she whose feet

Fell soft as snow on snow.

So sat Thomson when he wrote this line:

Ten thousand wonders rolling in my thought;—

and Lucan when he wrote these:

... niger infleat horror
Terga maris: longo per multa volumina tractu
Æstuat unda minax: flatusque incerta futuræ,
Turbida testantur conceptos aquora ventos.

So sat Akenside, when his mind

Darted her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets,
. . . . and looked back on all the stars.

So David sat (I would reverently suppose) in his hours of inspiration, when "contemplating man, the sun, moon, and stars." To say nothing of innumerable others.

Fifthly. The *metaphysical posture*. Place both

* Bull.

† Sweet.

‡ Many.

elbows on the table, let the insides of the two wrists be joined together, keeping the palms just far enough asunder to admit the chin between them, while the tips of the little fingers come up and touch the outside corners of the eyes. This posture, sir, from its fixedness, gives you at once an idea of *solidity*. The mutual contact of two of the most tender and sensible parts of the human body, the tip of the finger and the eye, will assist you in making experiments on sensation; and as your whole head is fastened, as it were, into a socket, your eyes must look straight forward, and your train of reflection will be thus more continuous and undisturbed. Keep precisely so for several days together, and you will at length arrive triumphantly at the important and philosophical conclusion, that mind is matter.

Innumerable other attitudes crowd upon my recollection, the formal discussion of which, after just hinting at a few of the most prominent, I must waive, and leave them to be treated by writers of freer leisure, and more enlarged views of posturology. For instance, there is the *dishabile* posture, formed by lying at full length on your chair, crossing your feet upon the floor, and locking your hands upon the top of your head,—very common and very becoming. In conversation, there is the *positive* posture, when you lean your cheek upon one finger; the *sentimental*, when you lean it upon two fingers; the *thoughtless*, when you lean it upon three, thrusting at the same time your little finger into your mouth; and lastly, the *attentive*, when you lean your cheek outright upon your whole hand, bend forward, and stare the speaker in the face. There is the *sheepish* posture, formed by placing your legs and feet parallel and together, laying both hands upon your knees, and contemplating no earthly thing save your own pantaloons. This is to be assumed when you are overwhelmed with a joke, which you cannot for the life of you answer, or when you are attacked with an argument which you have not the ingenuity to repel. There is the *clerical* posture, formed by laying the ankle of your left

leg on the knee of your right, and so forming a triangle. Then there is the *lay* posture, made by throwing the legs wide asunder, and twirling the watch-chain. There is the *musical* posture, where you bring one foot round behind the other, and rest the toe most delicately and aerially on the floor. This was used by one of the small band from Bonaparte's court who lately charmed our metropolis with the violoncello and guitar. Why is it not as appropriate to the flute as to the guitar? There is the *monologue* posture, when, in default of a companion, you take another chair, place your feet in it, and hold high converse with yourself. But, Mr. Editor, by far the most independent, lordly, and scholarly style is, to command as many chairs for your own accommodation as can possibly come within reach. I had a chum, whilst I was in college, who put in requisition every chair but one in the room. He had one for each of his feet, one for each of his arms, and the last for his own more immediate self. As our whole number of that article of furniture was but half a dozen, I was often perplexed, at the entrance of a friend, to know how I should economize for the convenience of all seven.—I beg pardon, I should have said, all three of us. After some confused apologies, I used to offer the visitor my own, and betake myself to the window-seat, quite willing, I assure you, to undergo such embarrassments, for the reputation of living with one of the best posture-masters within the walls. Ah, sir, that was the glory of sitting! I cannot describe the silent admiration with which I used to gaze upon the sprawling *nonchalance*, the irresistible ennui, the inimitable lounge, with which my roommate could hit the thing off after an enormous dinner. I ought here to observe, that the state of mind peculiarly adapted to the posture now under consideration is that of perfect *vacuity*, and that, if I write much longer, I shall probably prepare your readers to assume it. I conclude therefore by wishing them all, whatever may be their favorite mode of sitting,

The gayest, happiest attitude of things.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CROAKER POEMS.

[The quaint and delicate humor of these celebrated productions is almost lost to the readers of the present age, from the local and consequently evanescent nature of the allusions to persons and things peculiar to New York in the early part of the present century.]

Ode to Ingenuance.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1818-19.

THE man who wears a brazen face,
Quite à son aise his glass may quaff;
And whether in or out of place,
May twirl his stick and laugh.
Useless to him the broad doubloon,
Red note, or dollar of the mill;
Though all his gold be in the moon,
His brass is current money still.

Thus, when my cash was at low water,
At Niblo's I sat down to dine;
And, after a tremendous slaughter
Among the wild-fowl and the wine,

The bill before mine eye was placed—
When slightly turning round my head,
"Charge it!" cried I—the man, amazed!
Stared—made his congee—and obeyed.

Oh! bear me to some forest thick,
Where wampum'd Choctaws prow! alone!
Where ne'er was heard the name of tick,
And bankrupt laws are quite unknown:
Or to some shop, by bucks abhor'd,
When to the longing pauper's sorrow,
The curs'd inscription decks the board,
Of "pay to-day and trust to-morrow."

Or plunge me in the dungeon tower;
With bolts and turnkeys blast mine eyes;
While call'd from death by marshal's power,
The ghosts of murder'd debts arise!

The easy dupes I'll wheedle still,
With looks of brass and words of honey;
And having scored a decent bill,
Pay off my impudence for money.

Domestic Happiness.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

"Beside the nuptial curtain bright,"
The bard of Eden sings;
"Young Love his constant lamp will light,
And wave his purple wings."
But rain-drops from the clouds of care
May bid that lamp be dim,
And the boy Love will pout and swear,
'Tis then no place for him.

So mused the lovely Mrs. Dash;
'Tis wrong to mention names;
When for her surly husband's cash
She urged in vain her claims.
"I want a little money, dear,
For Vandervoort and Flandin,
Their bill, which now has run a year,
To-morrow mean to hand in."

"More?" cried the husband, half asleep,
"You'll drive me to despair;"
The lady was too proud to weep,
And too polite to swear.
She bit her lip for very spite,
He felt a storm was brewing,
And dream'd of nothing else all night,
But brokers, banks, and ruin.

He thought her pretty once, but dreams
Have sure a wondrous power,
For to his eye the lady seems
Quite alter'd since that hour;
And Love, who on their bridal eve,
Had promised long to stay;
Forgot his promise, took French leave,
And bore his lamp away.

Abstract of the Surgeon-General's Report.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

Grog—I'll define it in a minute—
Take gin, rum, whiskey, or peach brandy,
Put but a little water in it,
And that is grog—now understand me:

I mean to say, that should the spirit
Be left out by some careless dog—
It is—I wish the world may hear it!
It is plain water, and not grog.

Having precisely fix'd what grog is,
(My reasoning, sir, that question settles!)
We next must ascertain what prog is—
Now prog, in vulgar phrase is victuals:
This will embrace all kinds of food,
Which on the smoking board can charm ye,
And by digestion furnish blood;
A thing essential in an army!

To Edward Simpson, Esq.,

ON WITNESSING THE TRAGEDY OF "BRUTUS"

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

I HAVE been every night, whether empty or crowded,
And taken my seat in box No. 3;
In a sort of poetical Scotch-mist I'm shrouded
As the far-famed Invisible Girl used to be.

As a critic profess'd, 'tis my province to flout
you,
And hiss as they did at poor Charley's Macheath;
But all is so right and so proper about you,
That I'm forced to be civil in spite of my teeth.

In your dresses and scenery classic and clever!
Such invention! such blending of old things and
new!
Let Kemble's proud laurels be wither'd for ever,
Wear the wreath, my dear Simpson, 'tis fairly
your due.

How *apropos* now, was that street-scene in Brutus,
Where the sign "Coffee-house" in plain English
was writ!
By the way, "Billy Niblo's" would much better
suit us,
And box, pit, and gallery roar at the wit.

How sparkled the eyes of the raptur'd beholders,
To see Kilner, a Roman, in robes "a-la-grecque,"
How graceful they flowed o'er his neatly turn'd
shoulders!
How completely they set off his Johnny Bull
neck!

BRIEF AND PITHY CORRESPONDENCE.—Many years
since we saw a brief and pithy correspondence,
officially published, as having taken place between
J. K. Paulding, while secretary of the navy, and an
agent of the department in the State of Alabama.
We give its substance from memory.

Dear Sir: Please inform this department, by re-
turn of mail, how far the Tombigbee River runs up.

Respectfully,
J. K. PAULDING, *Secretary, etc.*
REPLY.

Hon J. K. PAULDING. *Mobile, ———.*
Dear Sir: In reply to your letter, just at hand, I

have the honor to say that the Tombigbee River
don't run up at all.

I have the honor to be, etc.

Our word for it, Paulding has never written a
tale or invented a fable, whose wit has so much dis-
turbed the reader, as the truthful reply of his clerk.
A long letter might have so mystified the Tombig-
bee, that, like the Niger, no traces of its source
could ever be developed. Indeed, it is said, a "soft
answer turneth away wrath;" but an answer can be
soft and short too.



The easy dupes I'll wheedle still,
With looks of brass and words of honey;
And having scored a decent bill,
Pay off my impudence for money.

I mean to say, that should the end
Be left out by some
It is—I wish
To

Domestic Happiness.

BY FITZ-GREENE

"BESIDE the nun!"

The bard!

"Young!"

A

P



Yours truly,
Fitz Greene Halleck

A FRAGMENT.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

* * * * *

His shop is a grocer's—a snug, genteel place,
Near the corner of Oak Street and Pearl;
He can dress, dance, and bow to the ladies with
grace,
And ties his cravat with a curl.

He's asked to all parties—north, south, east and
west,
That take place between Chatham and Cherry,
And when he's been absent full oft has the “best
Society” ceased to be merry.

And nothing has darkened a sky so serene,
Nor disordered his beauship's Elysium,
Till this season among our *dîtes* there has been
What is called by the clergy “a schism.”

'Tis all about eating and drinking—one set
Gives sponge-cake, a few “kisses” or so,
And is cooled after dancing with classic sherbet,
“Sublimed” (see Lord Byron) “with snow.”

Another insists upon punch and *perdrix*,
Lobster-salad, champagne, and, by way
Of a novelty only, those pearls of our sea,
Stewed oysters from Lynn-Haven Bay.

Miss Flounce, the young milliner, blue-eyed and
bright,
In the front parlor over her shop,
“Entertains,” as the phrase is, a party to-night,
Upon peanuts and ginger pop.

And Miss Fleece, who's a hosier, and not quite as
young,
But is wealthier far than Miss Flounce,
She “entertains” also, to-night, with cold tongue,
Smoked herring, and cherry-bounce.

In praise of cold water the Theban bard spoke,
He of Teos sang sweetly of wine;
Miss Flounce is a Pindar in cashmere and cloak,
Miss Fleece an Anacreon divine.

The Montagues carry the day in Swamp Place,
In Pike Street the Capulets reign;
A *limonadière* is the badge of one race,
Of the other a flask of champagne.

Now as each the same evening her *soirée* an-
nounces,
What better, he asks, can be done,
Than drink water from eight until ten with the
Flounces,
And then wine with the Fleeces till one!

* * * * *

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN; A STAGE-COACH ROMANCE.

FROM “BRACEBRIDGE HALL.” BY WASHINGTON IRVING. 1822.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—*Hamlet*.

It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering: but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the window in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near

the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen-wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of, at the present day, to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving-whip, the buckler

for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman, or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion nowadays to trade, instead of fight, with one another. As the room of the hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armor of wayworn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted midleg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good-for-nothing books,

that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the common-place names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths and the Browns, and the Jacksons and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I deciphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter,—patter,—patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops on a passing umbrella.

It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steam of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed ostler, and that nondescript animal cyleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, ostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up, the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoiseshell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and, on referring to the almanac I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "expect—much—rain—about—this—time!"

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a



bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar: "The Stout Gentleman in No. 13 wants his breakfast. Tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as "the gentleman in No. 13," it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but "The Stout Gentleman!"—the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world;" accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London alderman; or who knows but he may be a member of parliament!"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were overdone, the ham was too salt:—the Stout Gentleman was evidently nice in his eating, one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe, that she was a brisk, coquettish woman, a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal: with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs, and ham, and bread and butter were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travellers' room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir, and an inquest about the house. The Stout Gentleman wanted the Times or the Chronicle newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a whig, or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself?"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information: nobody seemed to know his name. The

landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests. The color of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff-color; or, as in the present instance, the Stout Gentleman. A designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain—rain—rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. By and by I heard some one walking overhead. It was in the Stout Gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread, and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is, doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantel-piece. The Lady's Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighboring bedroom. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for having a ruddy, good-humored face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The Stout Gentleman had been rude to her!

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chamber-maids. He could not be a young gentleman; for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, and confounded ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs; her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way. "She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant! If gentlemen did spend money freely, it was no rule. She'd have no servant maids of hers treated in that way, when they were about their work, that's what she wouldn't!"

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm; the door closed after her. I heard her voice in high, windy clamor for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret; then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more.

After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs, I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter; she said, "Nothing at all, only the girl's a fool."—I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either.

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with, swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malliquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, tattle the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus, after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming of these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect:—I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner-time came. I hoped the Stout Gentleman might dine in the travellers' room, and that I might at length get a view of his person, but no—he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratic in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening, I found it to be, "God save the King." 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be? My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog.? "God knows!" said I, at my wit's end; "it may be one of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!"

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and versed in all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travel-

lers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their over-turns, and their breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

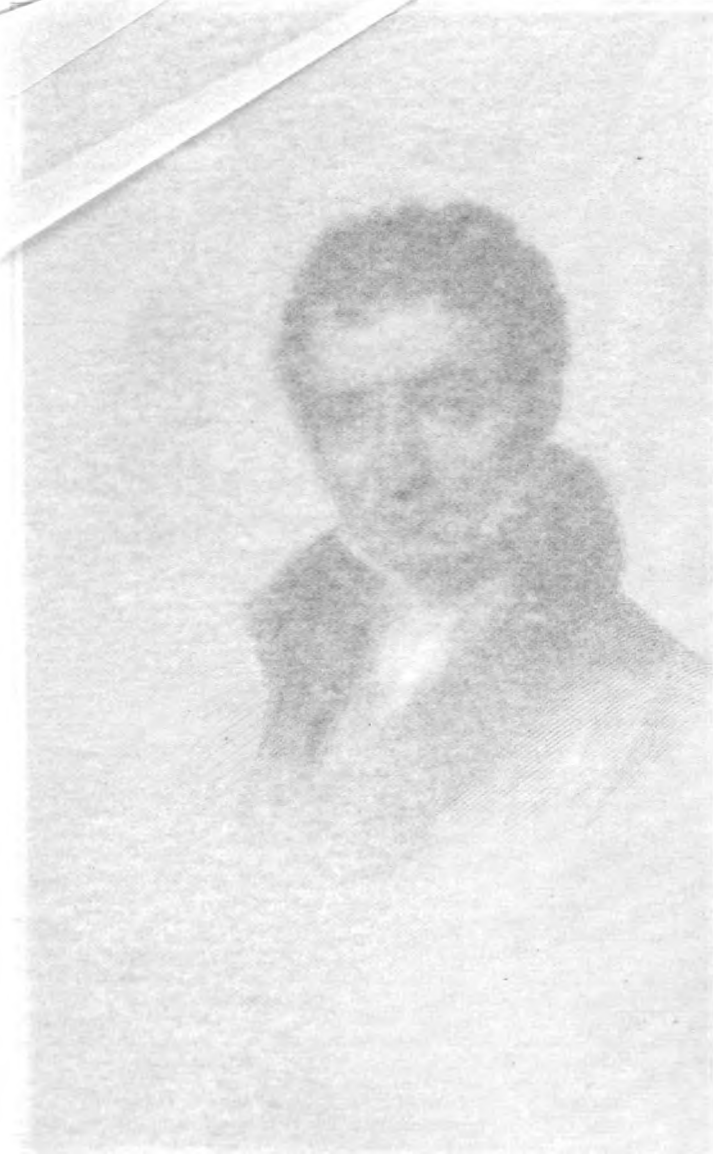
There was only one man left; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port-wine negus and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black, and cabaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house. The church bells chimed midnight. All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk overhead, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly great-coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber-candle, and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated—I entered; the room was deserted. There stood a large broad-bottomed elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a "Times" newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bedchamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol, or something worse, at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terrible nervous state; and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the Stout Gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until, getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! Look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13!" I heard an immediate scampering of a cham-



Washington Irving



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bermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "Here it is! Here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the cur-

tains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach-door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed—"all right!" was the word—the coach whirled off:—and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman!



JOHN BULL.

FROM "THE SKETCH BOOK." BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

An old song, made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.
With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks.
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintained half-a-dozen old cooks
Like an old courtier, etc.

OLD SONG.

THERE is no species of humor in which the English more excel than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations, or nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated, not merely individuals, but nations; and, in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared even themselves. One would think that, in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing; but it is characteristic of the peculiar humor of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view; and have been so successful in their delineations, that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull.

PERHAPS the continual contemplation of the character thus drawn of them has contributed to fix it upon the nation; and thus to give reality to what at first may have been painted in a great measure from the imagination. Men are apt to acquire peculiarities that are continually ascribed to them. The common orders of English seem wonderfully captivated with the *beau ideal* which they have formed of John Bull, and endeavor to act up to the broad caricature that is perpetually before their eyes. Unluckily, they sometimes make their boasted Bull-ism an apology for their prejudice or grossness; and this I have especially noticed among those truly homebred and genuine sons of the soil who have never migrated beyond the sound of Bow-bells. If one of these should be a little uncouth in speech, and apt to utter impertinent truths, he confesses that he is a real John Bull, and always speaks his mind. If he now and then flies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trifles, he observes, that John Bull is a choleric old blade,

but then his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste, and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks heaven for his ignorance—he is a plain John Bull, and has no relish for frippery and nicknacks. His very proneness to be gulled by strangers, and to pay extravagantly for absurdities, is excused under the plea of munificence—for John is always more generous than wise.

Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather they have adapted themselves to each other; and a stranger who wishes to study English peculiarities, may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature-shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humorists, that are continually throwing out new portraits, and presenting different aspects from different points of view; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight sketch of him, such as he has met my eye.

John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain downright matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humor more than in wit; is jolly rather than gay; melancholy rather than morose; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon companion, if you allow him to have his humor, and to talk about himself; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready. He is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be every body's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbor's affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel-play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbors, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honor does not require that he should meddle in the broil. Indeed he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow,

without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing; but put him in a good humor, and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like a stout ship, which will weather the roughest storm uninjured, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm.

He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad; of pulling out a long purse; flinging his money bravely about at boxing matches, horse races, cock fights, and carrying a high head among "gentlemen of the fancy;" but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined and brought upon the parish; and, in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without violent altercation. He is in fact the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the uttermost farthing, but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant; for he will begrudge himself a beef-steak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbors on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive; not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding; the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes; and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided his servants humor his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not peculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Every thing that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house-servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house-dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

His family mansion is an old castellated manor-house, gray with age, and of a most venerable, though weather-beaten appearance. It has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages. The centre bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like all the relics of that style, it is full of obscure passages, intricate

mazes, and dusky chambers; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults: wings built in time of peace; and outhouses, lodges, and offices, run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations, until it has become one of the most spacious, rambling tenements imaginable. An entire wing is taken up with the family chapel, a reverend pile, that must have been exceedingly sumptuous, and, indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors; and it is snugly fitted up with soft cushions and well-lined chairs, where such of his family as are inclined to church services, may doze comfortably in the discharge of their duties.

To keep up this chapel has cost John much money; but he is staunch in his religion, and piqued in his zeal, from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbors, with whom he has had quarrels, are strong papists.

To do the duties of the chapel he maintains, at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their Bibles, say their prayers, and, above all, to pay their rents punctually, and without grumbling.

The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich, though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of masey, gorgeous old plate. The vast fireplaces, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banqueting halls, all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor-house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and time-worn; and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay: so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled; and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials; but the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house—that it is tight and weather-proof, and not to be shaken by tempests—that it has stood for several hundred years, and, therefore, is not likely to tumble down now—that as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences, and would not be comfortable without them—that as to its unwieldy size and irregular construction, these result from its being the growth of centuries, and being improved by the wisdom of every generation—that an old family, like his, requires a large house to dwell in; new, upstart families may live in modern cottages and snug boxes; but an old English family should inhabit an old English manor-house. If you point out any part of the building as superfluous,

he insists that it is material to the strength or decoration of the rest, and the harmony of the whole; and swears that the parts are so built into each other, that if you pull down one, you run the risk of having the whole about your ears.

The secret of the matter is, that John has a great disposition to protect and patronize. He thinks it indispensable to the dignity of an ancient and honorable family, to be bounteous in its appointments, and to be eaten up by dependants; and so, partly from pride, and partly from kind-heartedness, he makes it a rule always to give shelter and maintenance to his superannuated servants.

The consequence is, that, like many other venerable family establishments, his manor is incumbered by old retainers whom he cannot turn off, and an old style which he cannot lay down. His mansion is like a great hospital of invalids, and, with all its magnitude, is not a whit too large for its inhabitants. Not a nook or corner but is of use in housing some useless personage. Groups of veteran beef-eaters, gouty pensioners, and retired heroes of the buttery and the larder, are seen lolling about its walls, crawling over its lawns, dozing under its trees, or sunning themselves upon the benches at its doors. Every office and outhouse is garrisoned by these supernumeraries and their families; for they are amazingly prolific, and when they die off, are sure to leave John a legacy of hungry mouths to be provided for. A mattock cannot be struck against the most mouldering tumble-down tower, but out pops, from some cranny or loop-hole, the gray pate of some superannuated hanger-on, who has lived at John's expense all his life, and makes the most grievous outcry at their pulling down the roof from over the head of a worn-out servant of the family. This is an appeal that John's honest heart never can withstand; so that a man, who has faithfully eaten his beef and pudding all his life, is sure to be rewarded with a pipe and tankard in his old days.

A great part of his park, also, is turned into paddocks, where his broken-down chargers are turned loose to graze undisturbed for the remainder of their existence—a worthy example of grateful recollection, which, if some of his neighbors were to imitate, would not be to their discredit. Indeed, it is one of his great pleasures to point out these old steeds to his visitors, to dwell on their good qualities, extol their past services, and boast, with some little vain-glory, of the perilous adventures and hardy exploits through which they have carried him.

He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages, and family incumbrances, to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gipsies; yet he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken possession of the dove-cote; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests; martins build in every frieze and cornice; crows flutter about the towers, and perch on every weather-cock; and old gray-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in and out of their holes undauntedly in broad day-

light. In short, John has such a reverence for every thing that has been long in the family, that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

All these whims and habits have concurred woefully to drain the old gentleman's purse; and as he prides himself on punctuality in money matters, and wishes to maintain his credit in the neighborhood, they have caused him great perplexity in meeting his engagements. This, too, has been increased by the altercations and heart-burnings which are continually taking place in his family. His children have been brought up to different callings, and are of different ways of thinking; and as they have always been allowed to speak their minds freely, they do not fail to exercise the privilege most clamorously in the present posture of his affairs. Some stand up for the honor of the race, and are clear that the old establishment should be kept up, in all its state, whatever may be the cost; others, who are more prudent and considerate, entreat the old gentleman to retrench his expenses, and to put his whole system of housekeeping on a more moderate footing. He has, indeed, at times, seemed inclined to listen to their opinions, but their wholesome advice has been completely defeated by the obstreperous conduct of one of his sons. This is a noisy rattle-pated fellow, of rather low habits, who neglects his business to frequent ale-houses—is the orator of village clubs, and a complete oracle among the poorest of his father's tenants. No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment, than up he jumps, takes the words out of their mouths, and roars out for an overturn. When his tongue is once going, nothing can stop it. He rants about the room; hectors the old man about his spendthrift practices; ridicules his tastes and pursuits; insists that he shall turn the old servants out of doors; give the broken-down horses to the hounds; send the fat chaplain packing, and take a field-preacher in his place—nay, that the whole family mansion shall be levelled with the ground, and a plain one of brick and mortar built in its place. He rails at every social entertainment and family festivity, and skulks away growing to the ale-house whenever an equipage drives up to the door. Though constantly complaining of the emptiness of his purse, yet he scruples not to spend all his pocket-money in these tavern convocations, and even runs up scores for the liquor over which he preaches about his father's extravagance.

It may readily be imagined how little such thwarting agrees with the old cavalier's fiery temperament. He has become so irritable, from repeated crossings, that the mere mention of retrenchment or reform is a signal for a brawl between him and the tavern oracle. As the latter is too sturdy and refractory for paternal discipline, having grown out of all fear of the cudgel, they have frequent scenes of wordy warfare, which at times run so high, that John is fain to call in the aid of his son Tom, an officer who has served, abroad, but is at present living at home, on half-pay. This last is sure to stand by the old gentleman, right or wrong; likes nothing so much as a racketing, roystering life; and is ready at a wink or nod, to out sabre, and flourish it over the orator's head, if he dares to array himself against paternal authority.

These family dissensions, as usual, have got

abroad, and are rare food for scandal in John's neighborhood. People begin to look wise, and shake their heads, whenever his affairs are mentioned. They all "hope that matters are not so bad with him as represented; but when a man's own children begin to rail at his extravagance, things must be badly managed. They understand he is mortgaged over head and ears, and is continually dabbling with money lenders. He is certainly an open-handed old-gentleman, but they fear he has lived too fast; indeed, they never knew any good come of this fondness for hunting, racing, revelling and prize-fighting. In short, Mr. Bull's estate is a very fine one, and has been in the family a long while; but, for all that, they have known many finer estates come to the hammer."

What is worst of all, is the effect which these pecuniary embarrassments and domestic feuds have had on the poor man himself. Instead of that jolly round corporation, and smug rosy-face, which he used to present, he has of late become as shrivelled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple. His scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, which bellied out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. His leather breeches are all in folds and wrinkles, and apparently have much ado to hold up the boots that yawn on both sides of his once sturdy legs.

Instead of strutting about as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side; flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground; looking every one sturdily in the face, and trolling out a stave of a catch or a drinking song; he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty.

Such is the plight of honest John Bull at present; yet for all this the old fellow's spirit is as tall and as gallant as ever. If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern, he takes fire in an instant; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country; talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or buy another estate; and with a valiant swagger and grasping of his cudgel, longs exceedingly to have another bout at quarterstaff.

Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look upon John's situation without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humors and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbors represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, home-bred, and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savors of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak, rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something, too, in the appearance of his old family mansion that is extremely poetical and picturesque; and, as long as it can be rendered com-

fortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with, during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects, that might be of service; but many, I fear, are mere levellers, who, when they had once got to work with their mattocks on this venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future. That he may cease to distress his

mind about other people's affairs; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbors, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home; gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; husband his income—if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order—if he can; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honorable, and a merry old age.

JUNGFRAU SPAIGER'S APOSTROPHE TO HER CAT.

BY ANTHONY BLEECKER. 182-.

A late London paper mentions that the celebrated Manheim Telescope, the master-piece of the famous Spaiger, a Hungarian optician, was recently destroyed in a singular manner. A servant of the Observatory having taken out the glasses to clean them, put them in again without observing that a cat had crept into the tube. At night, the animal being alarmed at the strong powers of the Lunar rays, endeavored to escape: but the effort threw down the instrument, which, falling to the ground, from the top of a tower, was broken to pieces. The writer, presuming that the cat was killed by the fall, imagines the daughter of the astronomer as breaking forth in the following lament.

What whisker'd ghost, at this mild moonlight hour,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder tower?
'Tis Puss, my darling Puss; all bleeding! pale!
Gash'd are her ears, and scotch'd her lengthy tail.
Oh, tell thy tale, and I will lend an ear—
Then sweep to my revenge, Grimalkin, dear.
Oh say, did boys, or other cruel hounds,
Conspire thy death, and give those ghastly wounds?

Was it for this he gave such strict command,
To clean the glasses with a careful hand,
And then to search the tube with nicest care,
To see nor cat, nor kit, were nestling there?
Lest, like old Sidrophel, star-gazing wight,
Who wisely made a comet of a kite,
My cat, perhaps, 'twixt Mercury and Mars,
Had help'd to swell the cat-alogue of stars.

O! say what led thee to that giddy height,
Thou queen of cats! that witching time of night?
Was it cat-optries fired thy feline heart?
And didst thou dare to act the sage's part?
And peeping at the moon, while stretch'd at ease,
Discover, with delight, 'twas all green cheese?
Or did'st thou wish to take a near survey
Of that delicious stream, the milky-way?
And while the dog-star in the welkin raves,
To take a leap, and lap its cream-clad waves?

Ah me! what terrors through thy frame were spread,
When Luna's rays refracted on thy head,
And fill'd thy gooseberry eyes with beams so thick,
No wonder thou becam'st a lunatic;
Lost all reflection: scarce retain'd a hope,
Immured in a reflecting telescope.
The concave mirror first thy fury bore,
The convex lens but vexed thee the more:
Then all thy rage was to a focus brought;
To tilt the tube was now thy only thought.

Flounce—bounce:—it tumbles from the turret wall,
Breaking itself, but breaking not thy fall!
Oh direful fall!—But why indulge this wo?
Can cat-aracts of tears avail thee now?
No; thou art bound to Hecate's wizard shore,
Where Whittington's famed cat has gone before;
And to appease thy ghost my task shall be,
To consecrate a cat-acomb to thee.

Embal'm'd, dear shade, with true Egyptian care,
Across the Atlantic wave thy corpse I'll bear,
And where old Catskill props the western sky,
The fur-clad relics of my cat shall lie.



Oh, tell me, Puss, 'tis what I dread the most,
Did some Killkenny cat make thee a ghost?
'Can'st thou not speak? Ah then I'll seek the cause;
What see I here? the bloody prints of paws;
And oh, chaste stars! what broken limbs appear,
Here lie thy legs; the Telescope's lie here.
The Telescope o'erturned:—too plain I see
The cause, the cause of thy cat-astrophe.

Was it for this, my sire on topmost tower,
Gazed at the stars till midnight's dewy hour,
Outwatch'd the Bear, and saw Orion rise,
While Hesper lent her light to other skies?